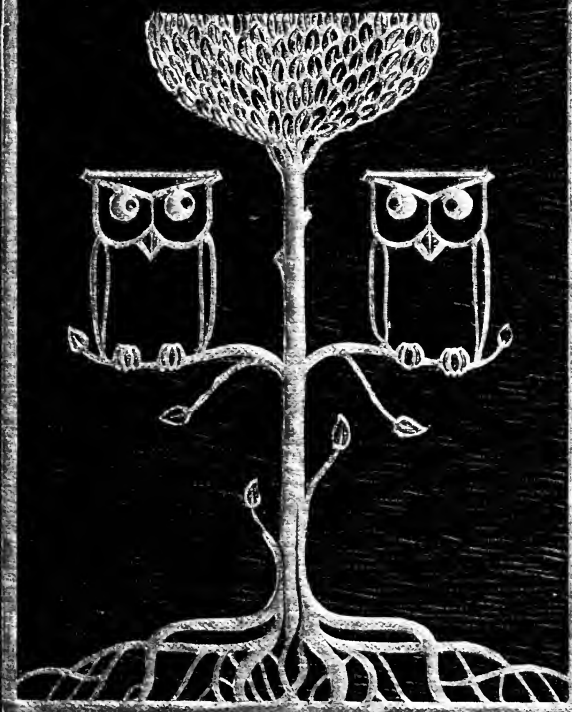


HOOT OF THE OWL

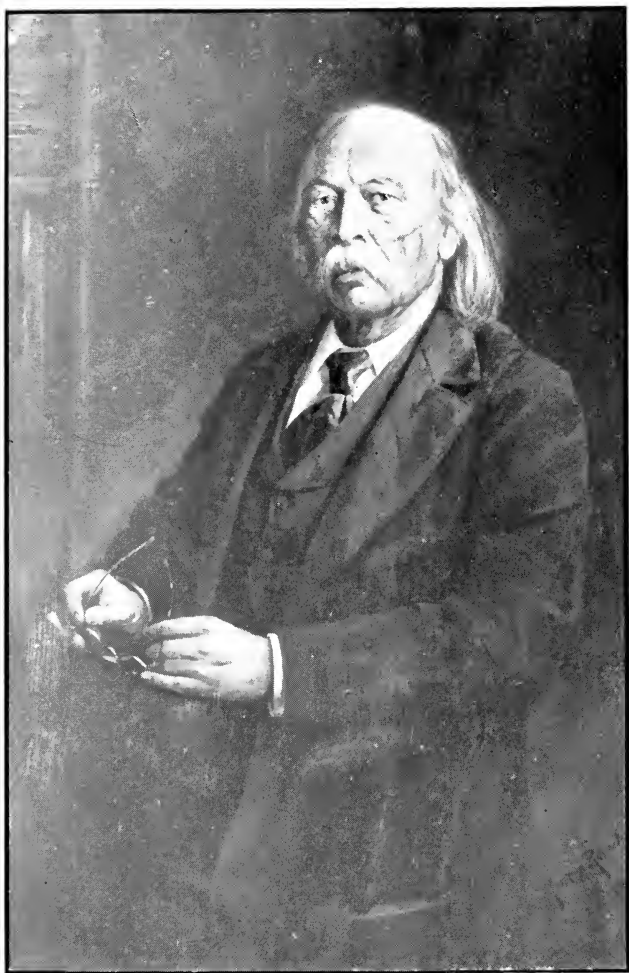


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THE HOOT OF THE OWL





H. H. B. 1880

THE HOOT OF THE OWL

BY

H. H. BEHR, M. D.



SAN FRANCISCO

A. M. ROBERTSON

1904

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THE MURDOCK PRESS

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO MY FRIEND
DR. GEORGE CHISMORE

GENERAL

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ADDRESS IN RESPONSE TO THE
INTRODUCTION AT THE
BOHEMIAN CLUB.

WORSHIPFUL SIRE: I stand here as the representative of the German Pfeifen Club, and have to correct a slight error that introduced itself into the address delivered by your Worship. It is not to announce the subjugation of the Pfeifen Club that I appear before you. I am not a hostage; I am an ambassador of a kindred organization. The object of our institutions is the same; our organizations follow a parallel course. The object of both is charity. Not that charity which sends ice-cream to the Greenlanders and skates to the people on the sources of old Nile; no, true charity begins at home. And where are we more at home than inside our own stomachs?

It is, therefore, a most wonderful coincidence that both organizations, the Bohemian as well as the Pfeifen Club, struck the same idea of international charity. Both found the solution of the social question in an alcoholic solution.

The solution tendered to me by your Worship smells very nice, and I pledge myself in it to my Bohemian friends.

I address you in the name of our venerable bird, and thus he speaks to you through my unworthy mouth:

“My Sons: I am pleased to see the veneration that you have shown to me on so many occasions. Since the day that my patron, Minerva, was born out of the head of Jupiter, which circumstance forever will be the only case of cerebral pregnancy, I always had a longing for mental enjoyment, and I thank you, my sons, for all the exercises in art, literature, pedro, seven-up, and other sciences which I have witnessed in the old club-rooms. I also thank you for all the rats, mice, seagulls, neck-pieces of beef,

and all the other delicacies of which, on my behalf, you have deprived yourselves so unselfishly. I also thank you for the good taste you have shown in choosing the nocturnal hours for your celebrations, for I hate matinees. I am a bird of prey of the sub-family *Nocturnæ*, that differ from the vultures by the strength of their claws, from the eagles and hawks by the comparative weakness of their bills. But if my bill is weak, I nevertheless respect large bills and admire the courage that meets them. Owing to the weakness of my bill, I am a bird of few words; as the immortal poet Bromley sings:

“ ‘ There was an owl that lived in an oak,
The more he heard the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Oh, let us be like this wise bird.’ ”

“ But I keep my watchful eye on you every night; in daytime better look out for yourselves. Like a Haruspex of old, I have examined with prophetic eye all the neck-bones of beef which you have sacrificed to

me, and I see before you a bright sphere of success and progress.

“ Being a bird of prey, I have prayed for you all the time, and I will do so now in the words of Sanctus Cremonius: ‘May the Lord love you and not call for you too soon.’ ”

V I R T U E .

SOCRATES used to say that everybody was eloquent enough on those matters which he understood thoroughly. Now, that's exactly my case in regard to virtue. There is no object in this wide world with which I am so intimately connected as with virtue. "Be virtuous and you will be happy." You have all frequently listened to this admonition, but I suspect there are very few among those present that have subjected this axiom to a practical trial. I have, and I am here to give you the benefit of my experience.

In my peculiar case, the admonition to be virtuous and happy came from an aunt of mine. But as this contemplation will occupy several hours, I consider it proper to divide the matter and look at the subject of

our contemplation under three different heads:

First—My aunt.

Second—My own experience.

Third and final—Conclusions drawn from my aunt and good advice given by myself.

My aunt was an elderly lady, not exactly prepossessing in her exterior, but shockingly virtuous and as unmarried as possible. Her favorite beverage was tea of valerian with a stick in it of sulphuric ether. She wore green spectacles, always felt miserable and respectable, and between asafœtida and valerian led a most unhappy life. Her only occupation was virtue. In her leisure hours she made a most interesting collection of medicine-bottles and pill-boxes, of all shapes and sizes. So she used to sit near the peaceful slope of her favorite pill-box, looking through her green spectacles at humanity as it passed her window, and talked virtue and gossip. It took considerable time before I could separate the idea of virtue from

that of green glasses, or distinguish the odor of sanctity and the smell of a drug-store; but when I finally succeeded in doing so, I made up my mind to give virtue a fair shake.

Gentlemen, I have practiced several virtues,—moderately, of course, for I always was of temperate habits,—but somehow or other during the whole time of my experiments I felt dejected and miserable, and the happiest moment of my life was when I dropped virtue altogether.

Virtue is a swindle. I have seen people ruined by one single virtue. How would they have fared then had they possessed two, three, or more. On the other hand, I have a friend, a dear friend, who is in possession of a complete and well-arranged collection of all those vices that possibly can be practiced in this sublunary world, and he is happy, he is successful, he is at peace with himself and with the whole world. It is true I know there are instances where people have been ruined by vice; but in such

cases you will observe they always have been ruined by one vice, never by several at the same time; and so it is evident that they were not ruined by that one vice, but by the absence of all others.

Alas! vice is no more what it was when I was young. Vice is growing monotonous; there is not enough variety in it, and it is a most melancholy fact that since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco no new vice has been invented. The inventor of a new one would be a benefactor to humanity. Now, here is an object worthy of the accumulated energies of the Bohemian congregation.

Let us invent some new vice, and coming generations will bless our memory.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

WHEN I received the order of our most gracious Sire to appear before him at the Christmas High Jinks and report on the progress made in the Archæological Section of the organization, I began immediately my investigations by borrowing books from all libraries that had not yet had any sad experiences in my direction. The message of our most gracious Sire met me at 5 P. M., at the exact moment when my thirst for knowledge transforms itself into a thirst for something else, and I felt highly honored, but at the same time at a loss how to respond to a confidence placed in me on such an important and serious matter.

Modern history of the Bohemian Club is comparatively well known. The celebrated historians, Tommy Newcomb and

Colonel Cremony, the Baron Münchhausen of the western hemisphere, have preserved for posterity the events which led to the formation of the present shape of this learned and moral organization. To be better understood, when I have to dive into the dark mysteries of post-tertiary times and previous geological periods, I am to repeat here the statements of Tommy and his friend Colonel Cremony, both of them such enthusiastic lovers of truth that they kept all of it to themselves.

You will recollect that the organization of this ancient order had originally the object to protect the genius of the reporter against the want of appreciation by an unenlightened public, as well as the narrow-minded and merely mercenary views of the newspaper-owners. Originally of a strictly literary character, the club soon extended its welcome to sculptors and painters, because they strive in the same line—they represent things which are no realities, exactly as our newspapers palm off novelties which

are no facts and facts which are no novel-ties. Then the welcome was extended for exactly the same reason to lawyers and later to musicians, as the transitory character of their productions cannot inflict any serious harm. Finally some Front-Street millionaires obtained admission by carefully concealing the real amount of their fortunes.

It is a well-established historical fact that the Spartan hero Leonidas, by George Bromley persistently mistaken for General Barnes, was a prominent member of the organization. Less known it is that the greatest physician of antiquity—Hippocrates—belonged to it. The order always had a great power of attraction for medical men. It was during the last years of the reign of Philip of Macedonia, when the medical profession was suffering from an intensely healthy year; in fact, it was an epidemic of health. The professors of the Polyclinics of Stagira were suffering from starvation. They had grown so thin and

diminished in circumference that they could no more fill their chairs. Hippocrates awoke to the emergency. He saw it was impossible to reproduce the necessary rotundity to fill a medical chair by mere demonstrations *a posteriori*, so he started a new medical system, chiefly founded on fees, and therefore called the physiological system. He laid great stress on physiology, and wound up every lecture with the admonition, "Be very particular about fees"; and then he grew excited, stamped his feet, and swore an oath, which ever since has been called "the Hippocratic oath," and which each of the medical fraternity, even our most gracious Sire, has been compelled to swear. This oath gives us power over the life and death of our fellow-citizens.

It was towards the end of the Lias formation when the citizens of San Francisco handed in a petition to the Legislature, meeting just then at Sacramento, for a volcano. They argued that if an effete monarchy like Italy can raise two volcanoes,

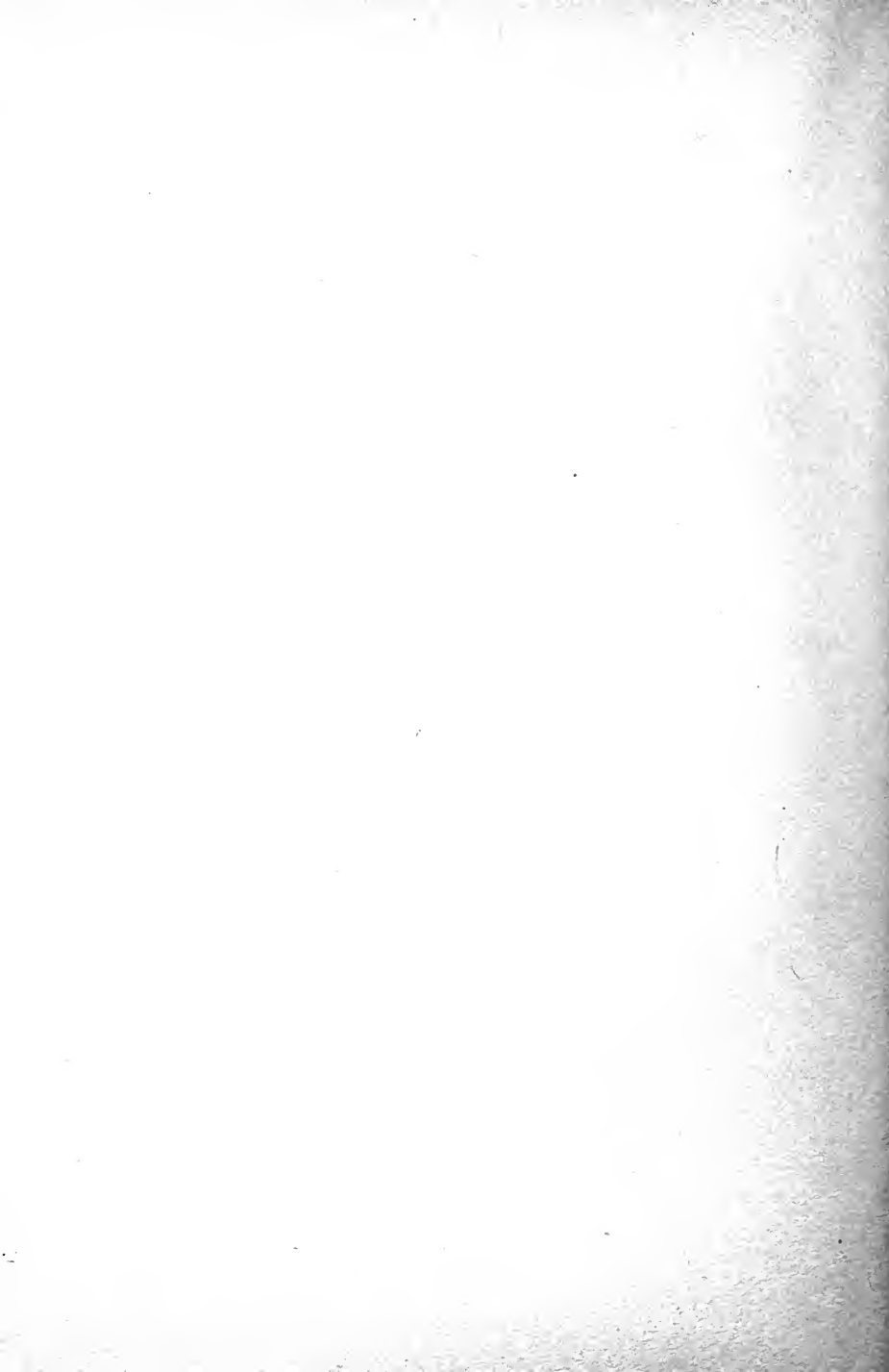
this free community of loyal, hard-drinking taxpayers is at least entitled to one. Blackstone, who was then a member of the Legislature, said the point was well taken. A committee was appointed, an appropriation raised, and Telegraph Hill selected as a center for the newly created forces. Unfortunately, the head engineer, who very appropriately had been selected from amongst the most practical sailors of the Life-Saving Station, had economized with the material so that locally he only produced an eruption of the skin; but the miscalculated forces caused the Second-Street cut and a long series of earthquakes, which interfered greatly with the stability of the California coast line. It is not quite certain whether it was Divine Providence or our Board of Supervisors that restored the stability of our coast line by placing the powerful Captain Kenzel on it, whose soothing influence quieted the disturbed nervous system of Mother Earth and kept it in its position ever since. However, the

powerful Captain would not have succeeded if he had not found assistance in a Board of Health whose weight and physical proportions had grown to an extent that they spoiled a North-Pole expedition, none of the scientific staff of the expedition being able to pass through the Behring Straits.

The disturbance of the post-tertiary era finally was kept down by our Geological Survey; a few ice-cream saloons on Kearny Street being the only remainder of the glacial period; but revolutionary tendencies crept into society because society had witnessed so many violent geological disturbances and was infected by the bad example set by Nature herself. This circumstance was the cause that the powers of our public officers had to be extended, and was the first step to the development of the present despotic government of the Bohemian Club, which, although benevolent, is very powerful.

Our present Sire, for the sake of his physical and moral beauty, occupied this post

of honor once before; so he is not only his own successor, but also his own ancestor. By this circumstance he becomes a self-made man, and as such is the first instance of a self-made man in the ancient dynasty that rules the Bohemian Club.



POPULAR SCIENCE.

IT is one of the greatest blessings of this century that science has become popularized. In bygone ages science was the monopoly of a caste. The most important discoveries were kept secret, and, as a natural consequence of such egotism, the progress of the human race was retarded. Champollion, the celebrated scholar of Egyptian antiquity, has established beyond any doubt the fact that the ancient Egyptians knew the corkscrew. The hieroglyphic sign heretofore believed to represent a snake is in fact the hieratic representation of a corkscrew slightly out of shape. But the discovery of this important instrument was never made publicly known, notwithstanding the extensive use

of it at the celebration of their religious mysteries.

When the Caliph Omar, who was a fanatical W. C. T. U. man, destroyed the library of Alexandria with all its spiritual treasures, the key to all the spiritual comfort was lost with them. Centuries have gone by and a great amount of valuable time has been lost in the effort to open bottles unscientifically by mere brute force. The great Euclides, when studying the qualities of the spiral line, did not strike the idea of the corkscrew, and it was not until the time that French enterprise perforated the Isthmus of Suez that the corkscrew of the ancients was rediscovered. There they found the venerable antiquity at a depth of two hundred and seventy-five feet below the bottom of the Red Sea, in a shaft perforating the metamorphic formations of the surface, on a stratum of brown cake laterally compressed and evidently of volcanic origin.

The implement bore an inscription in

hieroglyphics, of which I here give the English translation :

To MOSES,

City and County Assessor of Egypt.

Dear Baron:—We, Pharaoh I, by the grace of God, King of Egypt, send you this decoration as a Christmas-box and a token of our Royal Grace.

Egypt, 26th December,

in the year before Our Lord 1500.

From this moment began a new era in the history of man. Discovery followed discovery. Steam-power, the telegraph, the telephone, and the great Dr. Pinchipinchi's celebrated flea-powder were discovered in rapid succession, and are at present the inalienable property of the human race. For all these benefits, of course, we are indebted to our learned organizations, the Microscopic Society, Bohemian Club, Academy of Sciences, the Society to Promote Cruelty of Insects to Man, but at the same time to public lecturers, like Artemus Ward, who expound science to the many and combine

the *utile cum dulci* scientific abstraction with the sweet strains of the hand-organ.

New disciplines of science will crop out of such combinations. We have already now forensic medicine, the compound of medicine and law, but we will soon have surgical music, obstetrical æsthetics, gynæcological astronomy, and other new disciplines which will prove a benefit to the human race and consternation to the schoolma'ams. But the consternation of schoolma'ams is not the sole object of modern science, whose concentrated spirit can be absorbed only by the chosen few; science has to be diluted and sweetened by music in the same fair proportions as other mixed drinks, and is then called "science toddy."

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

I AM sorry, but I am unprepared. Fortunately, I have in my pocket a paper which I intended to read before our Academy of Sciences. As the evening is rather advanced, perhaps you will be kind enough not to know the difference.

The paper is on the progress that has been made last year in the sciences. The progress of unprofitable science and useless investigation has been unusually rapid, so that it is impossible to enumerate all the benefits which the human race has received by the untiring efforts of devoted scientists.

Let us begin with the heavens—Astronomy. A great astronomer has discovered in the rings of Saturn an inscription which in a careful translation reads: "Commit no nuisance"; from which inscription the

learned professor justly concludes that the population of the remote region has arrived at a state of civilization analogous to our own.

In zoology the distinguishing characteristics between the green turtle, the mock turtle, and the mocking-bird have been so well established that henceforth the mistake of putting a green turtle in a cage and expecting him to sing will not happen any more.

In regard to eulogies and necrologies for dead scientists, a marked improvement has been established. These eulogies are nowadays written during the lifetime of the dead scientist and the composition is superintended by himself. This circumstance will serve as another proof of the immortality of the soul, because the most confirmed infidel will say to himself: "If that fellow is made immortal during his lifetime, why shall I not be so after my death?"

You all know that moral philosophy is my specialty, but it is only a short time ago

that the real utility of lectures on moral philosophy has been established. It is my own discovery that lectures of this kind produce water; of course, not of a superior quality, but good enough for irrigation. Vegetation in its perverted taste and fanatical rejection of fermented liquors does not deserve any better fluid; and so, my dear brethren, let us be thankful that we, according to our principle of strict intemperance, do not depend on irrigation by moral philosophy.

MUSIC.

WE have been touched frequently to our very hearts in these rooms by the musical performances of our musical brethren. Frequently, roused by the strains of music, the tears have rushed to our eyes. Do you think that heaven, which is so far above, is less sensitive to the charm than we poor mortals? Of course, the quiet quartet of the amateurs or the soprano in the boudoir cannot much influence our California sky. This influence begins with the solitary flute accompanying the heartrending wails of a rat terrier addressing the moon; it gains power with the performance of the wild Italian organgrinder, and attains its maximum with the brass band that leads the bold militia warrior to glory and the destruction of sandwiches and whisky.

I recollect a body of heroes wearing rainbows instead of regimentals and having painted on their knapsacks the head of a tiger in an attitude as if his teeth were inspected by a dentist. By the first notes of their brass band the azure of our California sky turned into a delicate apple-green, and it began to rain. Half an hour later we received a telegram that Sacramento was under water. Another deluge — and the destruction of the world — was prevented by stopping the music.

You may call that a coincidence, but in this wide world there is not room for a single coincidence; everything is immutable law, the whole universe a network of cause and effect. You may sing and say we met by chance, but in reality we did not meet by chance, but compelled by the Darwinian law of natural selection. The spheroid shape of this planet is the cause that we wear off our boots on one side, by frequently walking too much in one direction. Why are the days longer in summer than in

winter? It is the consequence of the caloric law; they are expanded by the heat in summer and contracted by the cold in winter.

I had a friend, a dear friend in Australia, who never could go shooting without being caught in a thunderstorm. The Australian Legislature, ever attentive to the agricultural interests of the country, appointed him Inspector of Thunderstorms. Five months afterwards he was killed by lightning. Why have we not a similar institution? It would be a blessing for this country if every five months a legislator was killed by lightning, like that old Roman king and legislator, Numa Pompilius, who must not be mistaken for Paul Neumann, whom I have known as a legislator, but who is no king, and, I am happy to say, is not yet killed by lightning.



CALIFORNIA.

I DIVIDE the existence of California into two periods: the first, before the foundation of the Bohemian Club, has to be considered as prehistoric. Even this period is distinguished by a very peculiar character, gradually changing to three different stages or grades, which I am to illustrate by three different experiences.

I was but a few days in San Francisco when a rough-looking individual—a Texas Ranger, as I afterwards heard—laid his hand on my shoulder, with the words, “Old horse, take a drink?” I had presence of mind enough to take the drink, and had afterwards several opportunities to get even with the gentleman in taking drinks as well as in calling him “old horse.”

The second experience was on the day

when the Territory of California was admitted as a State. A procession was formed, in which I participated at the side of a gentleman to whom I was not introduced. Silently we walked on, influenced and absorbed by the significance of the historical moment, when my companion abruptly remarked: "It's a long time that I have not seen you." I was astonished and answered: "I never saw you all my lifetime." "And is not that long enough?" retorted my companion in the most mellifluous accents of green Erin. That day we got very much acquainted.

The third experience was in the rooms of the Vigilance Committee, where we discussed the case of Mr. Stuart. The meeting was addressed by Jim Dows, and I recollect distinctly the words: "Gentlemen, to hang a man is a temporary and transitory matter, but the principles which we represent here are eternal."

After these experiences I considered myself sufficiently acclimatized. I became a

citizen and fervent admirer of Squibbob, whose untimely end I have regretted for years, until, being introduced into the Bohemian Club by Mr. Bowman and Tommy Newcomb, I discovered the place where Squibbob's ghost is still walking.

My Bohemian friends, the fight for existence has not always been to me an easy matter. We all have had times when care for material things overpowered us, when we became disgusted by unprovoked jealousies. When those cares of the outer material world became discouraging I withdrew to ideal Bohemia. But Bohemia was not only to me an asylum against material cares; it was also a shrine consecrated to literature, from where new vistas opened into the realms of the bold, original American humor, so well represented inside these walls, and outside by men like Mark Twain, Bill Nye, and many others of world-wide fame. I received here new conceptions of many things; and if I count a few triumphs in literature, I owe them to Bohemian conver-

sations, to ideas which I imbibed (with other things) in the halls of this institution.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

I ALWAYS was touched to my very heart by the beautiful lines written by Longfellow on "The Skeleton in Armor." I felt a burning desire to know more about the skeleton. I began to study the Iceland Eddas, the Saemundur, and the Snorri Sturleson Edda, the most ancient numbers of the *Jolly Giant*, and other reliable documents of history. In the course of this reading I succeeded in diverting the subject from all romance and establishing the following historical facts.

Many thousand years ago, when the giant elk was not fossil, but trod in flesh and blood the mossy bogs of ancient Ireland, when the mastodon and the rhinoceros tichorrhinus roamed through the majestic primeval forests of sauerkraut that then

covered all northern Europe, there, on a beautiful site, embellished by a meridian cutting the coast line of the Baltic, lived a pious knight named Hans Meyer. Like all the knights of the period, Hans Meyer was in love, and, according to the enthusiastic custom of the country, killed off all the dear relations of his lady love. By an unaccountable neglect he omitted to kill his mother-in-law, and this proved to be the beginning of a long series of misfortunes.

The Baltic hero grew restless. He wanted to travel far away from his home into distant climes where there were no mothers-in-law. He wanted to emigrate and settle in the East Indies, where a wise law ordered widows to be burned, and decimated in this judicious way the contingent of elderly ladies. The simple-minded but thoughtful hero foresaw that he might go around the Cape of Good Hope, or cross the Isthmus of Suez with the India mail. Either way he would most necessarily want funds. To obtain them, he imitated the

signatures of wealthy fellow-citizens. But as this style of calligraphics was not considered lawful, he was sentenced to prison for life; that is, according to the rules of the mild patriarchal government of the region, he was allowed for several months inside of a penitentiary, to study the charmingly adapted architecture of the place, and then was put on board of a vessel bound for America, under the conditions never to return and to adopt the name of Pilgrim Father.

It was then the custom that no foreigner whatever was admitted on American soil without his accepting an office. No sooner heard the first of the Mohicans, who was then the President of the United States, of the arrival of another cargo of distinguished foreigners, than he asked the favor of a private interview with Hans Meyer. Hans Meyer found the first of the Mohicans busily employed smoking his calumet filled with *Amigos primera calidad, calle de Obispo*.

"Hans Meyer," said the first of the Mohicans, "glad to make your acquaintance. You see, this government is a philanthropic experiment. We want to make everybody fit to fill every office, and for that reason we appoint for each office the man who is least adapted, for his mind and capacities are most in need of being developed in that very direction. There is, viz., Flanagan, a mild Celt and an enthusiastic admirer of law and order. We make him Chief of Police. There is the tribe Levy, with its time-honored reputation for honesty. We never elect a City and County Assessor but his Christian name is Levy. In former times we used to fill the office of Coroner by some undertaker, but since we discovered that these people really understand something about that business we take a doctor. Now, my friend, the circumstance of your being an unsophisticated Northern barbarian without any education would admirably adapt you for the office of Superintendent of Public Education; but some fellow pas-

sengers of yours have stated that you know some Latin; that, of course, disqualifies you forever. Now, I will tell you what I can do. I will create a new office for your sake and make you Inspector of Mothers-in-law."

Hearing this, Hans Meyer grew pale, went to the next blacksmith and ordered a dress coat, borrowed from a tinman a stove-pipe and a pair of gloves, took a drink, and had a building erected on the same thoughtful style of architecture that he had studied during his stay at the Baltic penitentiary, and disappeared from the sight of man. After some weeks his friends entered the house and found Hans Meyer stark dead, in full armor, leaning against a corner. Some said he died by an abscess of the liver, others by brandy and water on the brain. Some contended that during his sleep rattlesnakes crept into his boots. The Coroner pronounced it a womb complaint, called affection of the mother-in-law.

His friends passed eleven resolutions, beginning with, "Whereas, it has pleased Di-

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vine Providence in its inscrutable wisdom,"
and the jury gave the verdict: "Killed by
the inscrutable wisdom of Providence."

DARWINISM.

ON a former occasion our most gracious Sire has proved the descent of the human race from above; he has defeated the prevailing notion of our descent from the monkey, a theory which found its chief support in the homœopathic maxim, *Simia similibus*. He has proved, not only theoretically, but also practically, with imminent peril of his life, the descent from the balloon.

One day when I was in these rooms, at an early hour, when all good Bohemians were embraced by the arms of Morpheus or were embracing somebody else, I was wrapt in a brown study about Darwinism. My state of mind was caused by a conversation with our brother Harry Edwards on a previous day, which resulted in a slight headache. I was absorbed in the contemplation

of some luminous phenomena and black dots before my eyes, spectral illusions, to which I am much subjected on lonely mornings, and which, perhaps, are the ghosts of the insects killed by me in the early days of California, when suddenly my attention was attracted to the cage of our sacred bird, the Owl. This at least was no spectral illusion; there was a letter directed to me, the same which I hold here in my hand. I think I can excuse the indiscretion of divulging the communication made to me by the Owl, because it seemed to me as if the father wishes its publication. It is as follows:

“SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29, 1874.

“DEAR SIR:

“Before I addressed these lines to you I hesitated to choose between you and Rev. Bromley, whose nocturnal habits and personal appearance are so much like my own; but, remembering the great consideration which you always have shown me by showing homage to me in entering and

leaving the room, I consider you the most worthy for the reception of my confidence in regard to my ideas on Darwinism.

“Before entering into particulars, I must state that Darwin’s idea of progressive development is entirely wrong. This world has proved a failure from its very beginning. The tops of the mountains are washed down and fill the lakes and seas, causing trouble and confusion on all sides. The sewerage of the planet is bad everywhere, and the whole universe a system of blunders, a consolidated mass, the product of a long series of incompetent engineering of antediluvian Superintendents of Streets. The grade has been so continuously changed that you cannot find an alpine height without oyster-shells, sardine-boxes, and other marine productions, which prove the locality to have been originally the bottom of the sea; on the other hand, what is now the bottom of the sea is covered by a post-tertiary stratum of umbrellas, peanut-shells, and broken bottles, a proof of its having

been but a short time ago a popular picnic-ground for Sunday excursions. These changes of grade took place chiefly to get a job for the numerous street contractors, by whom, at that period, this planet was mainly inhabited. The constant rotation of the planetary system prevented all investigation, and it was impossible to locate the blunders and mistakes and make individuals responsible, as everybody promptly blamed his predecessor. Mr. Post-tertiary blamed Mr. Jurassic; Mr. Jurassic, Mr. Lias; Mr. Lias says it is the fault of Mr. Eocene; Mr. Eocene says it is the fault of Sabbath-breaking and a bad kind of whisky.

“One of the most striking failures in creation is man, who is nearly as mean as a deadly enemy of my race, the crow, who persists in persecuting me whenever I appear in daylight, and flies at me and calls me names. Just so mankind. Like the crow, he uses unfair means and has obtained by them a position for which nature has never intended him. He is an usurper, a

pretender. The idea of his innate superiority is quite ridiculous. Look at his jaws. How insignificant they are compared to those of the sea-lion. He has no claws, he has no bill, and when he gets a bill he leaves it unsettled.

"The only instance of a progressive being on this planet is the owl.

"The human race is fast degenerating. Look at the descendant of a Northern sea-king selling liquor as an Angular Saxon at a corner grocery. Look at the descendants of Milesian kings drinking it on credit.

"The *cultus* of the ancient Aztec, with its impressive ceremonies of human sacrifices, has degenerated into the early piety of the Young Men's Christian Association. Compare the High Priest Huichtlipochtli, wielding in his right hand the sacred flint and in his left a bleeding, palpitating heart, to the Young Men Christian Deacon, with bald head, blue eye-glasses, a set of false teeth, and an umbrella instead of the sacrificial flint knife.

"As to natural selection, the idea is simply preposterous. It is true that we owls sometimes select our own kind for food, but there ends the working of that principle. Is it natural that on the top of the dentist you always find a photographer, above the undertaker a dancing-school? Or, explain why all your friends are more or less given to drinking.

"Yours truly,

"THE OWL."

THE MOSQUITO.

MOST GRACIOUS SIRE: The letter with which you have honored me has been to me a source of great anxiety, in consequence of its most original style of calligraphics. Brother Bromley, who always has been my adviser in spiritual things, but whom I am also in the habit of consulting in important worldly matters, took your kind letter in his hands and, after having turned it from side to side, addressed me with the following words:

"My young friend, this is a Chinese letter, and as Chinese is not written in lines, but in columns, you ought to have held it this way, and you easily would have found that it is a bill for washing and ironing. When I represented my country in Tien Tsin, I received every week a document of

similar character; in fact, it was the only official correspondence I indulged in during my stay at Tien Tsin. You see here Hong Kong Shanghai Peking Ironing Washington, and here in the corner is the receipt of the bill, 'You tam fool,' which means, payment received, and is also the polite style by which foreigners are addressed in Tien Tsin."

This explanation did not satisfy me, so I interviewed Mr. Marshall, who has lent me several times valuable assistance in deciphering letters of Charley Stoddard and other Aztec hieroglyphs.

"That lets me out," he said. "The only advice I can give you is, apply to Charley Stoddard; he is the highest authority in this style of calligraphics."

I sent the letter to Charley and promptly received this answer:

"Yes, I recognize my own handwriting; but you know very well that I cannot read any of my manuscripts older than twelve months."

Then I did show the letter to Dan O'Connell, who read to me fluently an advertisement of a professor to teach waltzing in three lessons. "Some unknown friend," he explained, "has heard about your affliction by gout and recommends you this new cure."

Now I have tried the cure, took the three lessons, but, as you see, without the desired effect. Nevertheless, I am confident I would have been cured if I only had learned to waltz. Finally, thrown on my own resources, I succeeded in finding out,—

1. That the document was written in English;
2. That it referred to the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club;
3. That it referred to something else whose nature was doubtful. The something read sometimes like dry goods, other times more like mosquitoes.

The latter version appeared to me the more probable, being the more appropriate one for a student of entomology. Neverthe-

less, it appeared to me the safest plan to combine the two versions into one, and so, by joining the mosquito to dry goods, I obtained the mosquito bar, a liquid body, which I used to take in Sacramento before going to sleep. This substance, it is true, would not protect me against the sting of the mosquito; but, when taken in sufficient quantity, would prevent my feeling the stings—in a similar way as Tommy Newcomb cured temporarily a toothache. It was in the old rooms of the Club, where one evening he was suffering, complaining, and expressing his firm intention to get drunk. Now, if Tommy had taken that vow, I do not know a single instance of his not being true to his word; so he succeeded very well that night, and when I met him the following day at luncheon with a swollen face, I was afraid that the cure had not taken effect; but he assured me the remedy was infallible, and added: "The whole night I had the most excruciating toothache, but did n't feel it because I was drunk."

The mosquito (*Tipula pipiens*) belongs to the class of *Diptera*, which class easily can be distinguished from the rest of insects by its species having one pair of wings and three pairs of legs. Angels also have a pair of wings, but the mosquito has the advantage in the number of legs. Nevertheless, most people prefer an angel with a single pair of well-developed legs, even if the wings should be wanting, to all the six legs of the mosquito. Also, they prefer her kiss to the kiss of the mosquito. The jaws of the mosquito are so constructed that he cannot chew, only kiss. But he makes up for the weakness of his jaws by plenty of cheek.

In his larval state he lives in the water and is strictly temperate. During his aquatic larval state he breathes atmospheric air by a pair of tubes at his anal end. This, of course, necessitates his coming at stated times to the surface of the water and sticking out his anal end with the respiring tubes and disrespect of surroundings, which

movement is very improper. But Nature sometimes is very improper, and I have frequently to blush for her. Now, this anal end is analogous to the lower end of the spinal column of our own species, which in our own larval state is used for educational purposes, but never for respiration; and, I am happy to say, is not ornamented with a pair of tubes sticking out as in the mosquito larva, because these tubes would interfere with the present style of our dress, and would even prove a serious obstacle to our sitting down.

The moment the mosquito emerges from its chrysalis in the water he does not touch water again. He spreads his wings and looks for a mate. He can as little comprehend the associations of his larval state as we can comprehend the illusions of our first love. The male mosquito henceforth has for its only object to kiss the mosquito, but the mosquito in her turn is very liberal in her kisses. She kisses promiscuously; but, although having a pair of wings, her kisses

are not those of an angel, and she, therefore, frequently comes to grief. The male mosquito only lives to kiss, but the female frequently dies for it.

There is a peculiar propensity, a kind of suicidal mania, in the whole class of dipterous insects. The housefly, for instance, repeats suicide so frequently that with her it becomes a habit. It is the prerogative of the fly to cultivate suicide as a vice. I once marked a fly by tying a knot in her left middle leg and found the same individual next morning drowning in my eye-opener, then in my coffee, then in my lunch cocktail, then in my appetizer. In my *pousse café* I saw two of her, and when I took my nightcap I did not pay any more attention to her.

The mosquito does not commit suicide by drowning, because he hates water and is ashamed of his larval existence, breathing through anal tubes and feeding on animalculæ not belonging to him, but to another class; as some specimens of our own spe-

cies are ashamed of their juvenile depredations in garden and fields, belonging, who cares to whom, and of the educational action of the rattan on the lower end of their spinal column.

Now, if we compare the diet of mosquito larva and his mode of respiration to our own style of living this night, ought we not to be thankful?

ON MEDICINE.

THE science of medicine is the science which enables the student to pass his medical examination. The object of this science is to keep out of the dominion of the *News Letter*, and if this end has been obtained we call it the triumph of science.

Medicine branches off into two disciplines, which are called the old system and modern science. The followers of the latter call the followers of the first "old fogies"; the followers of the former call the adherers of modern science "young men." The oldest system was that of the Haruspices in ancient Rome. They examined the bowels of oxen with the naked eye and predicted out of them what would happen. Modern science examines the bowels of fools with the microscope and predicts

what has happened. Both disciplines agree on one point: they collect fees, or at least try to collect them. This is a very essential part of our science, and the discipline that treats about collecting fees is called physiology.

There are many other branches of medical science, but still there are not enough. We have forensic medicine, and our most gracious Sire has created a new science by proclaiming Dr. Leach doctor of surgical music. But we want a doctor of obstetrical æsthetics. There is a secret but intimate connection between these two apparently so different branches of human knowledge, and the connecting link is woman, or, as we scientists say, "female mankind." It is a fact already observed by the ancients that as soon as ladies approach a certain age they begin to develop in their meetings the most lively interest for medical matters and medical men. We medical men feel frequently the powerful influences exercised in their secret tribunals, called lunch parties, where

they make and unmake medical reputations. Now, we think it a delicate compliment, and well calculated to appease the wrath of the goddesses, by creating for their honor a new discipline, called "obstetrical æsthetics."

HEROIC DEEDS OF OLD BOHEMIA.

MOST WORTHY SIRE: You will excuse my gray suit on an evening like this. I wear it partly because it agrees best with my complexion, which is also old and gray, and partly because it is appropriate to the remarks I have to make on bygone days—gray antiquity and the heroic deeds of old Bohemia. These remarks are not entirely prehistoric; if they were, they would be out of time, instead of their being at present only out of place.

I am myself a kind of Bohemian fossil, and there are moments in which I consider myself an honorary member of the Lias formation. I can sympathize with the plesiosaurus of the Ward collection, of which a specimen is kept at our Academy of Sciences, which the Creator himself

never had dared to imitate. But we will not enter on this night into the dark mysteries of a Bohemian Lias formation. Let us become post-tertiary and remember the ancestral heroes that preceded the present generation.

There is, one of the first, the learned and energetic Caxton, *alias* Rhodes, the discoverer of the gyascutus, the quadruped with a short fore-leg and a short hind-leg on the right side. This animal was especially created to run around a mountain-side in Oregon, sufficiently distant to escape immediate investigation.

The more ancient Bohemians will recollect that this discovery led to an equally interesting discovery of a corresponding quadruped with a short fore-leg and a short hind-leg on the left side, and which by Divine Providence was destined to run around the same mountain from the other side. As these two animals proved to be of opposite sexes, this arrangement was evidently intended to introduce them to each other, and

is another proof of the benevolent although frequently frustrated intentions of Divine Providence. The discovery of the second animal does not belong to our Bohemian brother Caxton; we owe it to one of the appropriation scientists who occupies a position in Berkeley and in the hearts of our grangers, and who wants only an initiative to run through a whole series of discoveries.

But our learned and ever-watchful brother Caxton, as many will recollect, saved on another occasion our country from a dire calamity. It was in the year A. D. 1868, when a party that had spent the evening at the Cliff House discovered the moon in the act of approaching the earth at a rate that, according to exact astronomical calculations, would have brought that celestial body in sixteen days, eight hours, and thirty-five minutes in contact with the earth. As the clash would take place south of Market Street, and, as that part of the city had already previously suffered from

the Second-Street cut, real estate south of Market Street was falling rapidly. And it was not only the giant proportions of the approaching luminary increasing in mathematical proportion; nay, the member of the returning party even discovered a second moon, a satellite of our earth hitherto unknown to astronomers. The officers of the Barbary Coast Survey, it is true, had, by an algebraic formula perfectly known to themselves, succeeded in influencing the perigee in a way to make the moon fall on England; but our esteemed brother Caxton, with a penstroke and a little printer's ink, removed the whole danger. Some pretend that the moon, having spent all her financial power in railroad tickets, was not able to reach England and had been precipitated into the Atlantic Ocean. This probably did happen to that second moon seen by the members of the Cliff House party, as this second moon is missing since that time. Now, imagine the disturbance of the moon suddenly arriving in this country with a

cargo of undesirable immigrants, not one of them with a letter of introduction to Frank Pixley!

Thus the great Caxton saved the country; on another occasion he saved the planet. You must recollect that in the year A. D. 1865 a chemist had discovered a substance, otherwise useless, that would ignite the hydrogen of the ocean. Now, in itself a burning ocean would prove an assistance to the McKinley bill, and, by cutting off import, greatly favor home industry; but, unfortunately, the fire would communicate to rivers and wells, and thereby prevent bathing, cleaning of bottles, painting in water-colors, and prove a great distress to our Fish Commissioners. Our Bohemian brother Caxton, whose watchful eye had espied the danger in time, offered from his own pocket an amount of millions that would have astonished even a Californian, as well as a corner drug-store, to the chemist to desist from his diabolical plan to set fire to the ocean; and as this malevolent

chemist asked for more millions and two drug-stores, our brother Caxton threw him from the platform of a railroad-car passing Cape Horn, which feat he also executed by a small quantity of printer's ink.

I am sorry to say that our Bohemian brother Caxton did not succeed in saving the unfortunate miner who drank the water contained in a geode and became petrified and fossilized in a time of twenty minutes. But his publication of the event has gone far to warn the public against that most insidious drink—water.

What shall I say in praise of the powerful McCracken Bungletoe, *alias* Tommy Newcomb, who, in his great victory of mind over matter, left Mestayer under the table, and with one foot on the body of the slain warrior and the other in the spittoon, asked for another horn of whisky? Or the great Apache chief and ancient mariner, Rear-Admiral Cremony? But the latter has a worthy successor in nautical lore in the inimitable Bromley, under whose flag I dared

to round Cape Horn so persistently that my head began to swim.

In regard to tactics on a more or less dry land, we have General Barnes, who, as the Leonidas of the nineteenth century, fought in that terrible Amador war.

Alas! we cannot deny that many of the old members are no more with us; some have paid their tribute to nature, some have reformed their morals. But that well-organized army of young Bohemia which I see before me is a guarantee that the future will be like the past, and that a bright time is in store for old Bohemia.

THE SHOWMAN.

Now is the time and the opportunity to see the great Mastodon!

Walk in, gentlemen! Admission, the nominal amount of twenty-five cents!

The bones of this fossil monster have been found at a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet below the green sward of this beautiful earth.

Now is the time and the opportunity!

It stands twenty-five feet on its legs, is twenty-five feet long. It has been found under one hundred and twenty-five degrees of longitude, which gives to the animal the enormous length of one hundred and seventy-five feet.

Now is the time!

This picture of the animal is taken after

a photograph by Bradley & Rulofson. As you see here, the animal fed exclusively on boa constrictors. Anybody that has conferred with Montgomery Queen on the price of boa constrictors will know the enormous price of such luxury. So the unscrupulous wisdom of Divine Providence has endowed this beautiful creature with an unlimited capacity to live on credit.

Now is the time!

Professor Huxley, in conjunction with the *Alta California* and other bodies of inscrutable wisdom with whom we have been in communication, agrees that this animal has lived one hundred and twenty-five years before the Flood. That arrow-head that looks like a fragment of a broken whisky-bottle has been found near his left hind-leg, which circumstance proves that this animal had sufficient mental power to run away from its enemies, and proves at the same time that the San Francisco Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals was not then in existence. One of the enormous tusks

has a filling, which circumstance proves the antiquity of dentistry.

Now is the time!

Listen to the Mastodon!

Now I am to lecture!

Recollect, gentlemen, now is the time!

This giant skeleton has been sold to the British Museum for the moderate sum of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and here I am on the road to an independent fortune. Now, you will say, If that man is on the way to an independent fortune, why does he take all the trouble to lecture here every night by torchlight on the sidewalk, without any protection for his learned head but the canopy of heaven?

Gentlemen, here I stand on the green soil of this beautiful State of California. I am proud to be a son of this free country and to enlighten my fellow-citizens on the subject of antediluvian creation.

Now is the time!

The youthful hope of the American future, only ten cents!

LAST JINKS ON SACRAMENTO STREET.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIRE: I congratulate you that on this festive occasion you preside over this enlightened Bohemian body. It was always considered a high honor to preside on Christmas night, when the strictest privacy protects the impressive rites and dark mysteries of Bohemia. But under the present circumstances, when we are prepared to emigrate from this sacred abode to the distant shores of Pine Street, to prepare a new home for the Pilgrim Fathers of Bohemia, you will not object when I compare you to the Mayflower. This night is the last night that the sacred rites of High Jinks are to be celebrated in these rooms. It is the first time that we celebrate the last High Jinks. May they turn out to be everlasting.

Your name, illustrious Sire, will be handed down to posterity and will turn out an eternal botheration to schoolma'ams when they pass their examination; and both of us, when, with the assistance of my medical brethren, we have shed off this mortal clay, will form a constellation in the sky, called Major Ursus, or the Bromleyades.

At this moment begins a new era in the history of man, an epoch that even reverses some laws of nature heretofore considered of universal power.

Most illustrious Collega, you will recollect a private conversation once held in this sacred room when you justly remarked that we could pay our debts by mental powers. Colonel Hawes then said that Archimedes, a Syracusan philosopher, who received his name from the Archimedean screw, has established the law that the strongest man could not lift his own body, and that even our Collega Beverly Cole, when shipwrecked, could not lift himself out of the ocean by his scalp-lock, but required a boat

to save his valuable life. You will recall that important discussion and will feel proud of this victory, which Tommy Newcomb would call a victory of mind over matter.

ON DREAMS.

NIGHT-DREAMS are private property,—they belong to the individual; but day-dreams are public property, and belong to the century, or a certain stage of social and scientific development. The day-dream one hundred years ago was the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of metals. It is a remarkable anachronism that in this enlightened age the dream of the transmutation of metals has been revived in Chile by Mr. Paraf, who persuaded the unsophisticated natives of that country to buy stock in an enterprise to transmute copper into silver. Now, we all know that gold and silver can be changed, but they cannot be transmuted. Silver, it is true, is a metal that dissolves readily in alcoholic fluids and precipitates out of this solution on the tip of the

nose in the shape of copper; but this copper is the product of a vital, not a metallurgical, process.

The dreams of our own age turn chiefly upon vital processes. There is another conundrum which we strive to solve, and that is the origin of organic life. We look no more for the transmutation of metals, but for the transmutation of plants or animals into other species; but the laws of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have put a fine on Darwinian experiments. We even suppose ourselves the victim of some transmutative process from a rather doubtful ancestry, and some prominent members of the medical fraternity seek with great care and perseverance for a connecting link wherewith to excuse their own personal appearance. But there exists no connecting link, for we are entirely distinct from all other types of creation by one faculty—that of smoking tobacco. The idea that the clouds are produced by the angels smoking tobacco is exploded; it is in direct

opposition to the doctrines of modern science and the meteorological section of our Academy of Sciences.

It was one of the day-dreams of our ancestors that organic life, and even the human species, could be produced by chemical processes. Goethe, in the second part of his "Faust," alludes to this day-dream when he introduces the homunculus, a human being that was the result of an alchymistic process. At present there are many who believe that organic life may be produced by certain stages of fermentation. Fermentation is sin, even when the duty is paid, and Vinegar Bitters the only refreshment permitted to the faithful. The disciples of the fermentation theory quote an experiment by which they produce fleas by moistening sawdust. I have tried the experiment, but could not raise anything, not even a self-made man, and only after many complicated processes I succeeded in raising a life-insurance agent—and that only after having added to the sawdust an addled egg.

Now, my Bohemian brethren, you cannot derive much satisfaction from such results, and, I admonish you, if you want to produce organic life, follow the old, approved method founded on the Darwinian law of natural selection and mutual affection.

SCHILLER AND GOETHE AS BOHEMIANS.

THE first traces of Bohemian sympathies in Schiller we find in his dramatic play "Die Räuber," in a passage where one of those interesting highwaymen advises to withdraw to the Bohemian forests—a delicate allusion to our midsummer celebration. In Schiller's later career we find two other and more celebrated plays localized in Bohemia, namely, "Wallenstein's Lager" and "Wallenstein's Death"; but Wallenstein's death was not caused by lager, as is erroneously supposed by ignorant people. Schiller had a medical education, but practiced medicine only for a very short time; in fact, he has killed considerably more people in his dramatical plays than by medical prescriptions. In this regard he is much my inferior, but he is a greater poet. In his

later years he was appointed Professor of History at the University of Jena. If he had remained faithful to the science of medicine, he might have become Professor of Hysterics at the Toland College, like our Bohemian brother, Professor Dr. Beverly Cole.

Let us now investigate the Bohemian qualities of Goethe and his origin. Goethe's grandsire was a blacksmith, and, as our grand Sire is at present a Taylor, Goethe may consider himself our equal; and so he was in reality, for when he studied law he joined an organization analogous to this. In his autobiography, headed "Truth and Fiction," he describes accurately the club and also the untimely end of this benevolent institution: The club was not careful enough in selecting its members. They admitted so many respectable people that the club lost its bad reputation, and then they dissolved with such violence that some members remained dissolute ever after. Some people say that in his book "Werther's Leiden"

Goethe advocated suicide, but, after all, this advocacy was not without reason. Suicide, when properly directed, could be made very useful, like the "hara kiri" of the Japanese. If, for instance, all the members of our next Legislature could be induced to commit "hara kiri" before entering Sacramento, what a blessing it would be for this country! But as it is generally the wrong people who commit suicide, a careful government ought to warn them publicly by substituting for the antiquated advice, "Go to Hewston Hastings," the impressive words, "Commit no suicide." Goethe's most celebrated play is "Faust." Faust was a great conjurer who raised the devil and took a mortgage on his soul. The formula has since been tried by many people, but without any satisfactory result, for Old Iniquity did not appear; from which circumstance one may infer how much in these dull times the value of souls has declined.

So, my dear brethren, keep on the path of righteousness, for you will find in that other

88 THE HOOT OF THE OWL.

place no improvement in business matters,
but the same dull times as here.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS.

MOST GRACIOUS SIRE AND DEARLY BE-LOVED BRETHREN: During the past year I have assiduously studied and diligently observed. When formerly the progress of morals was the object in which my energies concentrated, it is now progress in general. To this sole object I have sacrificed my whole time. I have lived like a hermit. I have withdrawn from society. I scarcely know the inside of a saloon or the outside of a bar, because I have steered my boat out of the wild breakers of the bar, where sirens sang to Ulysses, into the quiet port of peaceful domestic intoxication. I am here to offer you the results of my observations regarding morals, science, art, and things in general.

It is a well-known fact that moral phil-

osophy is the only science in which, since the time of Socrates, no discovery has been made. It has been reserved for my own investigations to discover the important axiom that in a free country no citizen must be tyrannized by his own principles. In astronomy I have to record the recent discovery of an old split in one of the rings of Saturn. It is true this split was known before and was called "Encke's division," or, according to the reporters of our newspapers, "Yankee division"; but the discovery of its exact nature was reserved for our Bohemian astronomer, Colonel Hawes, who has spent many nights watching the rings of Saturn through different glasses, and even bottles. According to the statements of this eminent scientist, the split in the ring of Saturn cannot be mended and is beyond repair. The practical importance of this fact cannot be overrated, for it is more than probable that all other rings will follow the example of Saturn and split; and when all those rings that at present prevent progress

in science and art have split, what a bright future lies then before California!

As to forest culture, we have to record a most important step. The committee has empowered a posse of intelligent school-ma'ams of both sexes to plant trees on the roadsides. These trees will be exhibited to all passers-by for a nominal entrance fee as soon as the last of our forest trees has become extinct.

The insect world has shown through all the later years a perceptible progress and enjoyable tendency to copulate and multiply. We have had grasshoppers, codling-moths, scale-bugs, and our most gracious Sire has treated successfully, by mercurial ointment, several cases of phylloxera in persons that had come in too close a contact with the vineyard of a friend. We are uncertain whom we have to thank for this revival of the insect world—our brother Harry Edwards, for his absence, or our State entomologists, for their presence.

The year has been rather dry and our

farmers found sufficient reason to complain; so the inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence, whose pet is the California granger, sent us rain enough to give him cause to complain about inundation. This dispensation of Providence is still going on, because Providence has been long enough in office to know that as soon as it stops raining the California granger will growl about unusual dryness. So the rain goes on and a new deluge is fairly started. The more thoughtful members of our Academy of Sciences make preparations to transform their hall into a Noah's ark, in order to save all those animals in their stuffed state whose ancestors Noah preserved alive. The citizens of this State are much puzzled about the cause of the flood. Heaven so far has always shown patience to their shortcomings. They are not conscious of an unusual amount of wickedness, nor is there any California Legislature expected to meet at Sacramento.

As usual, our authorities have paid no

attention to the wishes of the people. It is now twelve years since we have petitioned them to have Telegraph Hill converted into a volcano, so that, at appropriate times, we could have eruptions for the benefit of tourists who write books in Boston about California dynamiters, and eruptions of the skin are but poor excuses for a real volcanic eruption. This community of honest, hard-drinking taxpayers is entitled to at least one volcano. We have been frustrated in our dearest wishes; nevertheless, we have to be thankful, especially as it would not help to be otherwise.

SOME REMARKS ON THE SECRET RELATIONS BETWEEN CHEMISTRY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THERE are but few problems left for the investigation of the modern scientist. One of the most interesting problems is the still insufficiently explained relation between politics and alcohol. We have spent much of our own valuable time in the study of this problem; we have distorted Darwinism into the most impossible shapes; we have invented a long series of evolutions; we have experimented on our own system by exposing it to the action of alcohol heated up to the production of vapor and then again brought it in contact with a glacial period sucked through a straw. Then we have searched history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, but mostly profane. The re-

sult of these investigations was an enormous accumulation of collateral facts, and in regard to explanations a new hypothesis.

Homer in his Iliad is one of the first authors offering instances of the mystic relation between patriotism and drink. Wherever this reliable historian describes a meeting of the enlightened nation of the Greeks, he never neglects the *aithopaoionon*—the fiery wine. He minutely describes the *depas amphikypellon* used by the venerable Nestor when engaged in state affairs. Learned philologists explain the two handles so expressly mentioned by Homer as means to handle more easily a cup of proportions unusual even in the heroic age; for the inspired poet and historian states at the same time that ten mortal men as they are nowadays could not have emptied it. Alas! the world degenerates, and the cups of our days are small and have very thick bottoms. Homer also carefully notes down that before any decisive step in politics was taken the heroes took a quantity of

wine in proportion to the importance of the case: "*Autar epei posios kai edetyos ex eron hento.*" A similar custom must have prevailed amongst the Romans. We are not quite certain, but we think it was Cicero or somebody else who first pronounced the axioma: "Vox populi, vox whisky." We now recollect distinctly the passage is to be found in Cicero's book "De Officiis," or, The Surest Way to Get into Office.

Julius Cæsar also, when about to cross the Rubicon, spoke the historical word: "Iacta alea esto,"—Let us shake for drinks.

Now, the same phenomenon related by the ancients is witnessed, and let us say is religiously observed, by our contemporaneous generation. But you will see a very material change in the system of administering the alcohol. With Homer it is always the kings and heroes that do the drinking, and the people the paying; but during the republican government of ancient Rome the people do the drinking, and, exactly as it is in our own country, the wealthy or those that

want to become so pay for the drinks. You will observe that all political meetings, may their principles be as divergent as possible, agree in one point: after having saved their country they adjourn into adjacent bar-rooms, where they mix their public spirit with kindred spirits. You will say our Academy of Sciences acts differently, but you forget, firstly, that our Academy is a scientific, not a political body, and, secondly, that there is no decent barroom in the vicinity.

Now, this intimate relation between patriotism and alcohol has even entered our English language in the expression, "A man of public spirit," by which expression we infer that this worthy man takes his spirits publicly with boon companions whom he treats, but not in the solitude of his domesticity.

This is all very clear and intelligible even to the unsophisticated mind of a San Francisco city father, but now comes in the question how to account for this phenomenon.

We have stated before that we have experienced and investigated and have come rather near the solution of the problem, which is a chemical one. Here is our explanation: Political questions have no affinity to water. This is a conclusion *a priori*, for we have not tried the water. Neither are they soluble in fixed oils; we have tried castor oil. Now, it requires very little chemical knowledge to see that alcohol, cold or heated up to a reasonable degree, is the only menstruum in which political questions *are* soluble.

ETHNOLOGY.

I AM certain you are astonished to hear me lecture on a subject so unfamiliar to me as Ethnology. It is the fault of our most gracious Sire, who ordered me to do so. He probably meant Entomology, but I understood Ethnology, and as this happened after six o'clock P. M., I am not quite certain on whose door I have to lay the cause of the misunderstanding. In such cases I always lay it at the door of the other fellow, who in this instance is our most gracious Sire.

I at first intended to follow the custom of my fellow-scientists—that is, to compile an ethnological or entomological paper of plagiarisms, in which only the errors are my own; but, on more mature reflection, I thought, as Alexander von Humboldt is

dead and Frank Pixley alive, I would not run the slightest risk to be discovered in drawing from my own bold and lively imagination.

The first stage in the existence of all nations and humanity in general is that of Midsummer High Jinks, differing from our present ones only by a large supply of nothing to eat and to drink, but agreeing with it by a total absence of houses. I am not prepared to state the exact time to which this state of affairs has lasted, but I am convinced that at the time of Julius Cæsar—the author of several Latin text-books still in use in our colleges—a change must already have taken place, because this J. Cæsar wrote a book, “De bello Gallico,” which, as a member of our Board of Education has informed me, means “On the beautiful Calico.” Now, these words would infer that the state of society had changed into that of a picnic, if it were not for the frequent occurrence of the word “castra,” which word I distinctly recollect means

"camp," and compels us to look at the ethnological state of Cæsar's period more in the light of a camp-meeting.

The present Midsummer High Jinks are a decided improvement on the original article, which I have closely studied during my stay in Australia. By the kind recommendation of Captain Schenck, I received an invitation from the daughter of an Australian chief to assist her in arranging a cabinet of insects, which she carried about her through all the wanderings of her tribe. I accepted the invitation, arranged the collection, exchanged specimens, and, as the office of State Entomologist was already filled by an intelligent carpenter, I was received in the bosom of the tribe, obtained the right to vote and at the same time different degrees of relationship, with all the privileges otherwise only conceded to Irish cousins.

Owing to a failure of our crop of kangaroos, we had to live chiefly on missionaries. Whenever the supply was exhausted

we took to stealing sheep, which change of diet at last aroused the British lion. For weeks I had breakfasted, lunched, dined, and souped on mutton. My hair, formerly straight, began to curl and grow crisp by the constant feeding on the wool-bearing sheep—as you can see now—when the catastrophe drew near. The battle was imminent. On our side, naked bodies, wooden spears, and the trust in Divine Justice and our swift feet; on the other side, thoroughbred horses, Minie rifles, and the untamed courage of the amateur soldier. The words of our valiant chief are still ringing in my ears; “There,” he said, “is the enemy of our homes. Most of them are fat, tender, sleek, and in splendid condition. They will require but little cooking to be very nice. At present they are not nice; but who would be afraid to die when the honor and glory of his country is at stake? It is not hard to die; the biggest fool can die, and I have seen them do so frequently.”

Enthused by this speech, we raised the

war-whoop and then followed the example of the valorous chief and climbed each a gum-tree. We gained by this maneuver the most decided victory, because the horses of the enemy got frightened and ran away with the valorous warriors of the home guard, with the exception of a few bold men whose horses refused to run and took to kicking. Those men, after having made us a present of their horses, tried very hard to join the *corps d'armée*. We hoped they would succeed, and ate their horses. As these horses refused to talk, it will remain a mystery forever at whose instigation their fellow-horses ran from battle. I am certain it was no bribe from our side; perhaps it was a strike for higher wages.

Alas! those happy days are passed, and I am the only survivor of that once powerful tribe. The men have been shot by prejudiced shepherds and cattleherders; the unprotected females have served as food to their affectionate neighbors; and at present I am the only living man that

knows the grammar and spelling of their language.

Alexander von Humboldt mentions in his travels a certain parrot, the parrot of the Atures, who was the only being that talked the language of that extinct race. That is exactly my case. It remains now to draw a moral for you and administer the customary admonitions:

First, my dear Bohemian brethren, let us continue to celebrate this anniversary of the creation of the world;

Secondly, let us keep up the difference between the original Midsummer High Jinks and our present refined celebration by always laying in a good stock of good things; and

Thirdly, and finally, let us not become extinct.

ON COMMERCE.

I AM not here to discuss Christmas from a dogmatic point of view; that has been done by our most gracious Sire and other pulpits of this city. I am here to discuss a new side of the question—the commercial one. Christmas is the time when we are expected by the whole world to settle our bills, instead of running up new ones. A friend of mine, and at the same time one of the greatest authorities in Bohemian financiering, invented a new commercial system by not paying the old bills and letting the new bills grow old. It is his view on commerce which I am to develop here.

The word “commerce” is derived from the Latin *merx*, genitive *mercis*, which does not mean mercy—of which commercial people show very little to each other.

Merx means a ware, and *mercari* to trade. The Greek verb *peirao* signifies the same, but its verbal substantive *peirates* does not mean a merchant, and is a proof that the ancient Greek knew life-insurance companies, syndicates of mines, and similar institutions as well as we do. There are several institutions in mysterious connection with commerce; for instance, the Custom House. This institution was created for two different purposes: First, to cause investigations; secondly, to break the antennæ of the butterflies imported by our most gracious Sire.

As the surface of this planet is divided into dry land and ocean, so is the commercial community divided into dry-goods merchants and liquor-dealers; but, according to the Bohemian system, they are classified as such that give credit and others that give none. There is a close connection between interest and capital; for instance, British interest will suffer when the Turkish capital is lost. But as the true Bohemian

seldom receives interest, but frequently has to pay it, he will not be such a fool as to fight for any interest. And so I hope you will all join me in the pious wish: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

PREHISTORIC RELICS.

WHEN Montgomery Avenue was begun, I expected that the earthwork necessarily connected with grading and cutting through would bring to light interesting documents of prehistoric life on this coast. My most sanguine expectations were realized, and I succeeded in securing the interesting objects which you see here and which will form the nucleus of a most valuable archæological collection.

The objects which are before you were all found on an area extending from the corner of Montgomery Avenue and Jackson Street to a point near Stockton Street, where an empty lot is crossed by the 145th meridian. By the ignorant this meridian has been pronounced a clothes-line, and by some people has even been used as such.

But true science knows the well-established difference between a meridian and a clothes-line.

There are ample proofs that all this district at a remote period has been covered by the sea—in fact, was the bottom of an ocean. It probably was not then inhabited by the human race, and all the objects of human skill which you see before you date from a later period. Still an old coast line must have existed to a comparatively recent time, and is recorded by the term “Barbary Coast.”



But here you see some other proof. You see the remains of a bivalve, closely related to a now living species. And here you see another example of how the sagacity of the modern geologist from an apparently insignificant object draws the most important conclusions and establishes facts of the highest scientific interest.

But before entering into the concatenation of circumstances, I have to speak about

the unit to be used in our calculation. As the ancient Greeks had their chronology arranged in accordance to the anniversaries of the Olympics, where the tribes of this gifted race assembled and competed for the crown of the laurel, so the California geologist arranges his chronology in correspondence to Legislatures, California Olympics, where all the talent, the honesty, the virtue, the wisdom, the beauty of this country meet and conglomerate into one enlightened body. Now, if we remember that it took five California Legislatures to ruin one geological survey, we easily can form an idea how long the tertiary period must have been during which the antediluvian Gryphæa developed up to the intellect of the now living oyster.

You see here several hollow cylindrical bodies of a substance that by our State Chemist has been pronounced a silicate of potassa. These bodies have proved a great puzzle to archæologists, until, by my untiring researches, it has been estab-



lished beyond a doubt that these bodies were objects of public worship. The prehistoric Indian imagined them inhabited by spirits, powerful but benevolent, to whom he brought offerings of small pieces of metal. The silicates are found in a state of more or less perfect preservation and in great profusion throughout that whole region, and bear testimony of the most early piety of the red man. In some excavations they have been found numerous enough to form strata; these probably were places of public worship.

It was in the fourth year of our Bohe-
mian era that it came to pass that a great
prophet arrived from China, who instigated
the people to destroy these idols, and con-
verted a great many to the Five-Gallons
Monotheism. The object of their worship
was the great spirit of red noses, called
"Lok Ah Lo Pshon."



Here you see some cubic bodies
whose facets are ornamented by
points of different numbers, from

one to six. Their use was till lately a mystery to science, and I am indebted to our Board of Education for the explanation of these curious implements. According to their statement, they were called bones by the prehistoric Indian, from the Latin words "bonus bona bon," which means a bone, for they were made out of the bone of the untamed mastodon of the plains. They served for the instruction of children in arithmetic. They have been tried by the Board and found very useful in complicated calculations about spiritual matters.

As you see, the points do not exceed six. The Indian did not count more than six. The decimal system was not yet invented, and the Indian of the period relied on his sexual system.

This object for a considerable time was inexplicable, until I succeeded in restoring it to its original form.



IRISH HISTORY.

OUR Bohemian brother, Dr. Nuttall, has enlightened us on the subject of Irish rhetorics. He has quoted specimens produced by Irish ladies when in a state of virtuous indignation or otherwise excited. But what is Irish elocution when compared to Irish history? Irish history is a history of itself. It is entirely original; it does not connect with the history of any other nation, or even with the history of the world; it is independent from chronology, or even real facts.

There comes the Fenian, the Milesian, the Erse. Nobody knows where they come from, and we only entertain a dark suspicion where they go to. They do not connect with collateral history otherwise than by the name of some great Irishmen that

appear in Greek and Roman history, viz., Ovid, Virgil, Terence—the “us” of Ovidius, Virgilius, Terentius, being merely added partly to accommodate the second declension, partly as a compliment to the United States. At the dawn of Irish history we find Orion, who, in recompense for the valuable advice which he had given at the creation of the world, got a position in the sky, where he still forms a constellation; and it is a comfort in these turbulent times to see at least one Irishman keep his position, unaffected by the rotation of other celestial bodies.

BOTANY.

THE first attempt at botanical classification was that of Pliny the Younger, who, after having failed as a stockbroker, was by the influence of a body of Haruspices in Rome appointed Professor of Botany in Pompeii and Herculaneum. He did not cause the eruption of Vesuvius, as some inaccurate historians contend, but he perished in it, and wrote afterwards a very valuable description of this most interesting catastrophe.

This ingenious scientist divided the whole vegetable kingdom into the following classes: Trees, shrubs, vegetables, chicken-salad, mushrooms, coffee, wines extra. All plants not belonging to one or the other of these great classes he lumped

together and called "weeds," and did not take any further notice of them.

You will perceive that in this system there are six classes; the decimal notation was not yet invented, or there would undoubtedly have been ten. The ancients counted only to six, and as a natural consequence had to rely upon their sexual system. This system was afterwards improved by Linnæus, who based on the same immoral principle his arrangement of twenty-four classes, of which the last, the *Cryptogamia*, is the only decent one and the only one whose study could be recommended to the Normal School, if they modestly refrained from examining it with the naked eye. This state of things could not last, and the Natural System was invented—a system which differs chiefly from the Linnæan by the male flowers being called "staminate," the female "pistillate," or *vice versa*. There are several natural systems, all of them more or less important, and it was left to my own exertions to de-

vise a botanical system founded on new and entirely moral principles. I divide the whole vegetable kingdom into two classes: Eatabilia and Non-eatabilia.

Let us first discuss the Non-eatabilia, which class is again divided into several orders. The most important of these are Smokeabilia, Smellabilia, and Intractabilia. The order Smokeabilia is too well known to the members of this institution to require any further discussion. Most of the Smellabilia belong to the natural order of flowers, and are used for different purposes; for instance, bouquets presented to ladies. Their color is of great importance. At marriages we present by preference red flowers, signifying the blushes of the bride, which vary in intensity from carnation to fuchsia, but generally keep to the shade of rouge, bought at a reliable drug-store. At funerals the flowers are white and blue, the white being the symbol of the moral purity of the deceased, the blue representing the state of mind of the mourning friends, and

the green of the foliage the medical innocence of the doctor under whose care the patient died.

The highest order of this class is known as Intractabilia, and consists of those plants which are used for educational purposes. They are, the hazel, the birch, the rattan, the bamboo, which is used for tropical improvement of the mind, and the lady's slipper. All these substances act on the mind by being brought into quickly repeated contact with the lower end of the spinal column. My esteemed collaborator and college professor, Searby, and myself owe all our moral excellence to similar demonstrations *a posteriori*.

I come to the second class—the Eatabilia. It is divided into three orders: 1, those which may be boiled; 2, those which may be roasted; 3, those which may be taken raw. This reminds me of a thrilling adventure in the bold career of the naval hero, Captain Schenck. During one of his perilous voyages on the Pacific Ocean he

visited his friend Liti-Li-Li-Ho-Ho, the powerful king of the Cannibal Islands. The king received his guest with all the pomp and honor usual in his cannibal empire. At the feast given in the Captain's honor the neighboring trees were decorated with girls bound fast and awaiting the moment when they should be served at the royal table. One of the most toothsome was destined for the dinner of the distinguished guest; and when the Captain was asked in what style he would have his girl served up, he astonished his cannibal friends with the words: "Your Majesty, I'll take mine raw." Now, my friends, let us continue to lead a more virtuous life, so that when in our hereafter the question is raised in what style we shall be served, our guardian angel may sing out like the Captain, "I'll take mine raw."



THE AGE OF IRON.

WE have all been charmed by the mediæval love of the great Scotch bard; we have identified ourselves with the valorous knight, and have fought his battles, made love to the Baronet's daughter till the romance came to an end and we had to return to stern reality, Latin grammar and the problem of Euclid.

Our sympathies with the champion of bygone days is but natural, for we are his lineal descendants and lawful heirs. The Bohemian is the knight errant of the nineteenth century, only he wields the pen instead of the battle-ax; his enemy is no more the feudal tyrant, but the modern fool; he owes his dress-coat to the tailor, not to the blacksmith. But the romantic instincts of

the illustrious ancestor live still in the Bohemian heart.

How we would enjoy it if suddenly this room would transform into a feudal hall, the flames of the gaslight into torch-bearing serfs! Here we sit at a long table, clad in steel, the trusty sword on our side. A blast of a horn pierces the air. It is the signal of the warden placed on the battlements of the tower, not the toothorn of the festive hoodlum. It is not New Year which is approaching; it is a noble guest who reins his courser at the portcullis.

Hark the sound! It comes like a distant earthquake in search of a situation. It comes nearer. It mounts the staircase like a walking blacksmith-shop. The door flings open, and in steps the valiant knight, Sir Godfrey de Newcomb from Sacramento. He takes off his iron overcoat and hangs it on the hatstand in the hall; he puts his iron umbrella in a corner; he blows his nose with an iron handkerchief. With sounding step and clanking armor he strides

into the banquet-hall, gazes around him, and his proud eye meets the eye of Sir Walter de Mestayer. Sir Godfrey de Newcomb deliberately pulls off one of his iron gauntlets and flings it on Sir Walter's pet corn. A wild combat ensues. Sir Godfrey fells Sir Walter to the ground, he puts his knee to Sir Walter's chest, his poniard to his throat, and bids him to acknowledge that Sir Godfrey de Newcomb's lady love is the greatest beauty of all ages and countries. Sir Walter pleads that he has not the advantage of a personal acquaintance, never having been introduced; but Sir Godfrey tickles his throat with the poniard, and Sir Walter signs the certificate.

Alas! these happy days are gone forever. The age of iron has passed. It is true we have in this country considerable brass and steel—sometimes more than is agreeable to taxpayers; but essentially this is an age of flannel and underwear. And still the age of iron has not passed away entirely; it survives in one form. Don't be afraid; I do not

refer to the railroad. In our time it is not the valiant knight who wears the mail-coat over his garments; it is the delicate maiden who wears her garments over concentric rings of iron, yclept a crinoline. The knight wore the iron rings to protect his frame, the maiden wears them to correct her frame and to expand parts of it into the proportions required by an age of taste and refinement.

But not only the body expands in our century by concentrically and spirally arranged iron implements; the mind expands as well. Look! Here is the iron tool [drawing a crinoline] which makes spiritual comfort accessible, at the same time, in its spiral line, the emblem of all spiritual progress, which since thousands of years prefers the spiral to the straight line.

In hoc signo vinces.

ANCIENT BOHEMIANS.

THE wanderer who strives to gain the glory-clad peaks of Alpine heights turns round at certain points to view the scenery of the valleys through which he has passed on his road to the mountain-side. So do we Bohemian wanderers. We also have the wise custom to turn round at the end of a year and eye the past with the eyes of the present. Let us then have a retrospect as it behooves members of the ancient organization.

The first traces of Bohemian existence are lost in the dawn of prehistoric times. It seems a well-established fact that at the time of the Lias formation Bohemians did not exist. The beautiful creatures whose remains we find imbedded in the Jura limestone have been identified by modern scientists as species of pterodactylus, and it was only the angel-like wings combined with

bills of enormous proportions that have suggested to the older school the idea of fossilized Bohemians.

The first certain traces of Bohemians we find in some highly ornamented sculptures in the Pyramids of Egypt. The artists of that remote period were Bohemians, and had the thoughtful custom, when they had to represent their gods, to take the models from their Bohemian brethren. Of course, they always selected for that purpose only members of characteristic beauty and purity of morals. We have here quite a gallery of well-executed copies from sculptures of that origin.

Another trace of prehistoric Bohemianism has been found in the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland that nowadays excite the curiosity of the archæologist as much as the shell-mounds of California. In the recesses of these ancient habitations, together with split marrow-bones of the mastodon, arrow-heads, and other flint implements, was found a bill for monthly rent of a

lacustrine cottage, wrapped round a cubic crystallization of fossil Limburg cheese and not receipted.

In the same rate that we approach historic times the evidences of Bohemian existence multiply. You all have a vivid recollection of the Greek expedition headed by Jason that started in the year 1690, before our Christian era, for the gold mines of Colchis. Most of the Greek heroes of that period had largely invested in a mine which so considerably had fleeced them that ever afterwards it was known by the name of the "Golden Fleece." Jason, with the other heroes, chartered a steam-tug, called the "Argo," and went for Æetes, the superintendent of said mine and father of a most accomplished daughter, by name Medea, who was a great astrologer and fortune-teller. The word "medium" is derived from Medea. Jason tried to get some points out of her and succeeded but too well. Each hero made his pile. After having sold out, they returned in the same craft;

but the "Argo," overloaded by fortunes carelessly stowed away, sprung a leak, and at her arrival at Iolkos was condemned by the naval authorities of that place. So they sold the old ship to the Government of the United States for a man-of-war and started a paper.

One of the most interesting documents has been unearthed by Mr. Schliemann, so justly celebrated for his excavations in Asia Minor. On an excursion into the ancient kingdom of Bithynia he discovered the monument that marks the ashes of the unfortunate Carthaginian, Hannibal, who, on his flight from the Romans, ended his luckless career by taking poison. Mr. Schliemann published a translation of this most interesting inscription. It runs thus:

This is to certify that General Hannibal, a native of Carthago, came to his death by an overdose of nitrate of strychnia; administered by himself. Nobody to blame.
Dr. SWAN, Coroner.

On the reverse of the monument were inscribed the touching words:

COMMIT NO SUICIDE

As our time is valuable, I have to stop here, but will read you on another occasion the second volume of this historic work, which contains the period from the Roman King, Numa Pompilius, to the Californian Senator, Paul Neumann.



ON TEMPERANCE.

OF all the innumerable virtues which I am constantly practicing, temperance has always been my pet; and for good reasons. St. Origen, one of the highest Bohemian authorities, speaks in terms of profound and just indignation of a sin of such magnitude that it requires two to commit it. Now this sociable and otherwise rather agreeable sin must have a counterpart, or antagonist, in some double-barreled virtue, or else vice would have an advantage over virtue and would be more perfect than virtue, which is absurd. Looking over the long index of virtues practiced in this Bohemian congregation, I find temperance the virtue and counterpart of the social sin condemned by St. Origen, because we never commit a temperance without inviting a friend. Now,

my beloved brethren, this is all clear and intelligible; and, theoretically, temperance would be all right, if it were not for the existence of serious obstacles and grievous mistakes in regard to the practice of the virtue.

There are some benighted people who mistake total abstinence for temperance. Temperance is moderation in all things; total abstinence is an extreme, and as such intemperance in its worst form, because it is unnatural. Temperance is the territory that separates two extremes. Between arctic ice and the scorching heat of the tropics stretches the temperate zone. This zone is inhabited by the most temperate nations—the Americans, the Irish, the Dutch; and this is not the only circumstance from which it received its name; like the temperate zone, temperance is the intermediate state between total abstinence and total intoxication.

What says Horace, that great authority of our Bohemian church? “Medium

tenuere beati," which, literally translated, means:

Blessed be they that walk
On a line of chalk
Through a given room diagonally.

There is another even more serious mistake interfering in the sacred cause of temperance. There exists in the mind of many people an erroneous impression that water is the most temperate beverage, and, I am sorry to say, there are fanatics who really use it as such. My dear brethren, water is really a very useful fluid. It was created for washing, for bathing at the Midsummer High Jinks, for the sale of nautical instruments, for painting in water-color, for the construction of bridges, and last, but not least, for the cleaning of bottles.

We have here in this town a microscopical society whose members are visible to the naked eye and derive their name from the circumstance that they look into glasses of the microscope. Each member of this society will state that each drop of water

swarms with myriads of living beings, each provided with individuality and actively engaged in the pursuit of happiness. We also have here a society to promote cruelty of insects to man—no, to prevent cruelty to animals. This society recognizes two reasons which justify the taking of animal life; but under no circumstances are we permitted to inflict tortures on living beings; and would it not be a torture for these myriads, engaged in the pursuit of happiness, to be exposed to the horrors of our intestinal tube? Before swallowing these poor aquatics we have to kill them, in as mild and pleasant a way as is compatible with the process. This object we obtain by diluting the water with alcohol, a method agreeable to both parties and at the same time administering spiritual comfort. Dr. Swan, who frequently assisted me in the diluting process and aided in my experiments, has seen through a microscope of 2,675 horse-power the microbes, during the diluting process, joyfully clapping their hands and singing

out: "Death, where is thy sting? Hell, where is thy victory?" which means, in the language of microbes, "We won't go home till morning."



A NEW PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENT.

I WAS very much at a loss by what token I could show my friendship on such a festive day. Pondering over this subject, I entered the hall of our Academy of Sciences, where I am accustomed to take at regular intervals my semi-monthly nap. From this I was startled by a lecture given by our learned Professor of Meteorology, who developed a new theory of heat produced by inverted comic action of irradiating ether. He accounted for the length of day in summer by expansion. The day is in summer expanded by heat, and contracts in winter even beyond its natural volume by the action of elasticity. The learned Professor also produced a philosophical instrument uniting in itself the merits of thermometer, barometer, aneroid, theodolite, corkscrew,

and toothpick—very useful and hereafter indispensable to the traveling scientist.

You may ask how I came into possession of this valuable instrument. I borrowed it for an indefinite space of time. This is my system, but, I am sorry to say, practiced by many people without their giving me credit. Before I hand over to you this valuable instrument I have to give you some instructions as to its use.

When placed outside doors in a prominent position, this instrument will indicate every current of air by pointing to the opposite direction. As our temperature is regulated by such currents, the instrument will act as a thermometer.

You ascertain the amount of atmospheric water by the circumstance that the instrument gets wet when it rains. By a simple algebraic formula you will find abundantly the inches of rain fallen during the season, and a fraction that perhaps might remain undissolved you may donate to our grangers, who never get rain enough, or distrib-

ute it amongst the picnic parties that at present destroy the peace of mind of Harry Edwards and other butterfly catchers.

You all know the difference between a meridian and a clothes-line. This instrument, placed on a meridian on the point where it crosses a degree of latitude, will show the exact geographical position of the locality by remaining in that position.

As to electric tension and the deviations of the magnetic pole, I leave it to your own philosophical mind to find out the use of the instrument.

EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

LITERATURE is the expression of civilization; civilization itself the product of education, and education the result of certain demonstrations *a posteriori* by which the juvenile mind is propelled on the path of wisdom and science. According to the origin of the material which is brought in contact with the lower end of the spinal column, we distinguish several different circles of civilization, which at the same time serve as types to peculiar forms of literature. All the material used for educational development is of vegetable origin, and in discussing our object we must first separate material of monocotyledonous growth from those of dicotyledonous.

The bamboo (*Bambusa arundinacea*, L.) is an arborescent grass, and, as such, a

contradiction *in adjecto*. It is an antediluvian type nowadays, only to be met with, together with analogous organisms, in tropical countries and in some sequestered corners of the southern hemisphere, where this vegetable anachronism has not found powerful competitors in the battle of life. It is the true emblem and image of the monstrosities and inconsistencies of Chinese civilization, whose promoter the bamboo has been for one thousand years.

The rattan (*Calamus Rotang*) possesses considerable advantages in its civilizing power. It is a palm-tree, scarcely an inch thick, but sometimes more than four hundred feet high, or rather long, leaning on other trees and supported by brush-wood. The rattan is the promoter of Hindoo civilization, and that most extensive epic poem, the Mahabharata, is the true picture of a palm-tree four hundred feet long and only one inch thick.

We will now proceed to the higher types of civilization produced by a quickly re-

peated external application of dicotyledonous growth. There are two trees nearly equally productive of humanitarian principles—the hazel and the birch.

The hazel (*Corylus avellana*, L.) has its sway in southern and eastern Europe, where the Mecklenburg government, in its paternal care for the welfare of its subjects, prescribes by law the length and circumference of the hazel used for civilizing purposes. Austria employs this medium chiefly for military education and owes to it most of its victories. It is the hazel which infuses patriotism into an army otherwise divided by race, language, and interest. *In hoc signo vinces* is the motto of the Austrian hazel, and it is under the holy hazel-tree that Slavonian, Hungarian, Roumanian, crowd and fight.

The birch is the originator of Anglo-Saxon civilization and the kindred types of Scandinavian and German. Its eastern boundary is the Elbe River, where the realm of the hazel begins. Being born near

this river, I have enjoyed the advantages of both educational systems. I have been laid low under the hazel and have writhed under the stimulating influences of the birch-rod. The hazel has its advantages, but for classical education the birch always has been preferred. In fact, I consider this tree indispensable; and, furthermore, I am convinced that without its demonstrations *a posteriori* nobody ever can master the irregular verbs. To me it always was one of the inexplicable mysteries of ancient history how, without the assistance of this useful tree, the Romans ever could have learned Latin. It is evident, however, that in the essential points their method of imparting knowledge did not differ materially from ours; the name of their celebrated and still consulted lawbook, *Podex Justinianæus*, is one of the many proofs of this circumstance.

There arises now the question which plant will be the emblem and promoter of the civilization springing up from this new

center on the Pacific, of this literature born in our midst, whose juvenile pranks and freaks we are enjoying so frequently in these rooms, and whose manly strength and power we like to paint in anticipation. The coniferous trees of our mountains do not yield educational material. The ruling vegetation of our plains is tarweed and wild mustard. The tarweed is quite out of the question, for it has no civilizing power. As to the wild mustard, its substance is too brittle to produce any impression on the organs by which we influence the juvenile mind. It is not the raw material, not the body of the mustard which acts on the human mind; no, it is its soul which acts on the human soul. By careful and judicious experimenting, the celebrated pedagogue, McCracken Bungletoe, has demonstrated how the most beneficial results may be obtained by squeezing the seeds of the mustard plant, adding warm water, and applying the mass obtained in this way on the same region of the human body on which, accord-

ing to the now obsolete methods, bamboo, rattan, hazel, and birch were applied.

So a benevolent nature has provided ample means for the promotion of California literature, and the method to utilize our vegetable resources has been discovered by the scientifically trained mind of a true philosopher.

IMMORAL PHILOSOPHY.

MOST GRACIOUS SIRE AND DEARLY BE-LOVED BOHEMIAN BRETHREN: Through the whole year I have looked forward to this day. I have collected most carefully every fact connected with Bohemian progress and goodness, and now I am here to give you all the important discoveries of our last year. It is true the new vice so long sought for is not yet discovered, but that is not my fault, nor is it owing to the neglect of any other member of this organization. On the other hand, we have made the most astonishing progress in immoral philosophy.

You all recollect the important discovery made by our brother Daniel O'Connell, who, having found out that the present system by which everybody confesses his own

sins does not work well, improved the institution of confession by the amendment that henceforth everybody confess the sins of his brother. Especially among the sisters, this improved form of confession has worked wonders, and some of the sisters have not stopped confessing from the moment when the amendment of our virtuous friend, by Bohemian authority, was adopted.

I now come to record another great discovery in immoral philosophy made by our great brother in the interest of Truth. Having observed that the present system of questioning witnesses and experts under oath is a frequent source of that most heinous of crimes, perjury; and having at the same time discovered by many experiments, carefully conducted by himself, that in betting people are universally conscientious and always bet only on what they, by their best knowledge, consider true, our Bohemian brother proposes that, instead of taking the oath, the said witness or expert enters

a bet at a reasonable amount, sufficient to protect his veracity. The advantages of this system are numerous and evident:

1. It protects the sacredness of the oath, which ought not to be defiled for worldly considerations. The oath has to be used partly as a punctuation and partly as an expletive. In both capacities the oath belongs to grammar, not to law.

2. Oaths, as we all know, are recorded in heaven, and our system, by which a notary public simply enters a note referring to the bet, saves a world of trouble to the recording angel, who now, besides his office duties, may attend to other matters; for instance, may attend lectures on obstetrics, or study law; so that, in case of a change in celestial politics he were to lose his office, he could make his living, without becoming a terror to the free-lunch system.

3. There will be considerably more solemnity in the proceeding and a powerful laconism if, instead of the common phrase "I solemnly swear to speak the truth and

nothing but the truth, so help me God four bits," the Judge simply but emphatically says, "You bet."

I could mention here a great many other advantages resulting from this most valuable suggestion of our distinguished brother, Daniel O'Connell, but it would be like carrying owls to Athens. I only take this opportunity to point out the folly of importing a Professor of Moral Philosophy from a far-off land when we have in our own midst moral philosophers and great minds like our brother—as you see, without any appropriation. Now, you may imagine what moral giants we would have raised if a pure-minded Legislature had voted an appropriation for a public inspector of morals, a deputy, and county officers of moral philosophy.

It is true our California climate has lately been injured by too many brass bands in the streets of San Francisco, but the virgin soil of California is still capable of producing any crop desirable to an enlightened com-

munity. We raise any kind of scientist, from the practical miner up to the professor of surgical music or medical ethics, by simply putting on California soil the manure of an appropriation. Just as the mushroom in its natural, uncanned state springs from the dung left by benevolent cattle on an otherwise barren field, so by forming a little dunghill we can raise any variety of the practical miner and granger scientist.

Brother Daniel O'Connell at the Low Jinks will lay before you a petition to our coming Legislature where you are to sign your name, each with the mention of a small sum to be utilized to act on the pure minds and giant intellects of our legislators.

THE BACHELOR.

THE BACHELOR (*Homo Caelebs*) is chiefly found in the temperate zone, but not always of temperate habits. Most of the specimens live in clubs and look very much like the common species (*homo pater familias*), from which, in many instances, he can only be distinguished by his habit of keeping late hours—up to the dawn of morning—when he tries to make a face as if he had his coffee and to talk early piety.

In the first stage of his existence it is impossible to distinguish the bachelor from the common species. He spells, studies grammar, crams big words without knowing their meaning—like ordinary mortals. He fights indiscriminately with his own species, burns firecrackers on the Fourth of July, falls in love; but here is an essential difference—

he marries not one of his many first loves. Only when podagra or old age prevents him from going to the club, and he thus falls into a state of general demoralization, he flies sometimes to matrimony; but even then *he* does not marry, but *is* married.

During the time of his full vigor the bachelor gradually adopts the habits of the so-called regular life. He is an admirer of the sunrise, but is not an early riser himself. He admires the rise of the sun in going home or in stopping at a lamp-post, in whose embrace he sometimes apostrophizes the luminary of the young day, calling him Helios, Phœbus, and other bad names. The bachelor takes his coffee in bed; he then spends some time in arranging his locks in a peculiar economical way by making a small number of hairs go very far to cover a great surface of shining epidermis. In a later stage of his development this care is abandoned for the possession of a wig, and so for the morning hours remains only the sacred duty to communicate by rubbing the

skull, by means of a silken handkerchief, to a higher degree of polish, which nevertheless is modestly hidden under the wig when steps, especially those of a lady, are heard approaching the sanctum. The rest of the day is divided into two sections by the dinner, which performance is regularly and religiously attended to by every good bachelor.

The other sex of the bachelor is not yet discovered. There exists no female bachelor. Some biologists have supposed that the old maiden is a female bachelor in disguise. This is a dangerous and at the same time absurd error. There is a law of attraction, also called natural selection, pervading all sexual creation. But the bachelor, instead of being attracted, runs away from the old maiden; at the same time he proves by such action that with all her efforts she cannot be his natural mate. It is an error to consider the old maiden distinct from the species *homo*, because she would be the usual female of the species if she had

not been prevented to be so by circumstances over which she had no control; so her development became arrested and she remained in a kind of larval state.

In the later part of his existence the bachelor becomes an uncle. There is still some mystery about the propagation of the bachelor. Some scientists pretend that he propagates by eggs, which he lays, like the cuckoo of Europe, in other birds' nests. Others have observed that he propagates by a biological process called *generatio æquivoca*. At any rate, may the process take the one form or the other, his offspring is called "nephew." Of this commodity he generally possesses only one, to whom he delivers moral lectures in the morning and pays the debts after dinner. And the accomplishment of these two objects is the task which fills the later part of his existence and for which he has been especially created, namely, paying the debts of his nephew and trying to improve morals which do not exist.

LOVE.

WHEN our most gracious Sire ordered me to enlighten you on the subject of love, he gave another proof of that giant intellect which is the admiration and astonishment of all who know him, for there are few people who have experimented on this subject so extensively as myself; and, as I have carefully concealed my profound knowledge, he must have learned my secret by that species of second-sight which belongs to a great genius.

As love is a matter of great antiquity and the discussion of it will occupy more than one evening, I have found it necessary to arrange it under three heads:

I. Love, from a metaphysical point of view.

II. Love, from a physical point of view.

III. Love, from the point of moral philosophy, or, to express it in the elegant language of a prominent clergyman, "after jumping from crag to crag to the Alpine heights of vital existence, taking a bird's-eye view of moral responsibilities."

When we analyze the idea of love metaphysically, four possibilities present themselves to us: Love may be active, passive, reflective, or—and this is the most agreeable—reciprocal, which latter form is also called "mutual affection." To love actively and not to be loved is very distressing, but the passive without the active—that is, to be loved without being able to raise a corresponding affection—is even more awkward. The reflective form of love is the one most frequently found, for everybody loves himself tenderly and considers himself a nice fellow. I can even see in this congregation some members who rejoice in the reflection that they are lovely and charming.

Love also has a present tense and a past.

Present love is easily explained; in fact, under most circumstances we cannot understand how it is possible not to be in love. Past love is just the reverse—we cannot be made to understand how we ever could have been in love; and it is one of the most convincing proofs of the wisdom of an overruling Providence that, notwithstanding our desperate efforts, we never succeed in marrying our first love, who is most frequently a circus-rider, a milliner's girl, or the wax doll in the show-window of a hair-dresser. If I had been compelled to marry all my first loves, I would have died by intermittent suicide. Past love, if not reciprocally past—that is, if the other party persists in being in love—may become very inconvenient, but I have found an effectual remedy,—namely, write to the lady the following letter: “Miss Brown, Smith, or Flanagan [never Nettie, Fannie, or Addie; that spoils the whole effect]: Do not try to explain; I know all.” Now, you understand, there is always *something* to know,

and a lady must be very hardened in love if after such a statement she seeks an interview. I intend to take out a patent on this prescription, which I call the Palaeroto-phylaktikon, and collect a royalty from all those who will use it; none genuine unless spelled with a *K*. Do not infringe on the patent, and beware of imitations.

Love from a physical point of view is not the exclusive property of mankind; it belongs to the whole organic world. Even plants love, and flowers communicate their feelings by winds and insects. Linnæus founded his system of botany entirely on the relations between male and female flowers. Modern scientists have considered this very improper, and have introduced instead the words "pistillate" and "staminate," so that even the pistillate Bostonian may now study the science of flowers without blushing. Old Linné, in his blunt way, said: "The pollen is carried to the stigma by the agency of insects visiting for the sake of the nectar." Modern text-books let

us down gently, as follows: "The kisses of the staminate flower are carried to the reproductive organs of the pistillate flower on the purple wings of the butterfly, which for this service is offered a sip of nectar on the bosom of the latter." This is decidedly more æsthetic than the old version, but less intelligible; it is very chaste, but not quite true. In the animal kingdom we retain as yet the old expressions for sexual differences. We have even in regard to our own species kept the old suggestive pronouns he and she, and also in regard to animals of lower grade there is still great room for improvement. At present we say, for instance, a bull and a cow, and do not call the bull a staminate cow.

I now come to the third part of my lecture—the moral philosophy of love. The duties of social life oblige us occasionally to commit evening calls. On such occasions make it a point to call before eight o'clock. Scarcely have you touched the bell-handle, when the door is flung open

and in the entrance stands Bridget, smiling all over and with arms lifted for an embrace; but the smiles disappear, the uplifted arms sink down, and a moment later nothing is visible but a distant view of Bridget's indignant back, for you are not one of her numerous relations, and the pistillate Irishman expects a staminate cousin, not the purple-nosed butterfly which soars on golden wings to sip nectar and water on the bosom of the parlor table. Therefore, if you do not want to wait on the doorstep, ring the bell while the cousin is still expected. I consider it my sacred duty to correct here a dangerous error in regard to the moral philosophy of love. There exists a tradition, propagated from generation to generation, that there is an inverse ratio as to the callings of the heart and those of the stomach, or, to speak more plainly, that love diminishes the appetite. Now, my Bohemian brethren, there is perhaps not one amongst us who has not been thrown in profound admiration at seeing the object

of his heart's dearest hopes eat through the whole bill of fare at the Poodle Dog, from Baltimore oysters to cheese and black coffee. Love has but little influence over the organs of digestion. I have observed in a few cases (in friends) a momentary reduction in drinks; but whether their affection was accepted or blighted, the number of drinks very soon again reached a reasonable figure.

And now for the moral: Combine the physics and metaphysics, and never lose sight of the fact that the object of your affections possesses, besides a loving heart, a sound and active stomach.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

WHEN I first heard of the celebration of Thanksgiving Day I was seized with an irresistible desire to contribute to the festivities. Pondering over this subject, a thought struck me that a most appropriate exercise on such an occasion would be a botanical lecture; for such a lecture will not only produce in the time of its duration that state of somnolence called solemnity, but when finished give a lively feeling of satisfaction that can only be compared to the internal bliss felt by a pointer who has been whipped through a course of education and is conscious of the fact that there is a vacation of twenty-four hours till the next spinal irritation.

The object of this botanical lecture is the pumpkin, and its position, according to the

natural system, adopted by our most gracious Sire. The lecture will be contained in two parts. The first will be so scientific that none of you will understand it; the second, which is the most interesting, so profound that it is not understood by myself.

The pumpkin belongs to the natural order of *Cucurbitaceæ*, a family of doubtful affinities. According to the immortal Linnaeus, who invented the sexual system (for before him we all propagated by *generatio æquivoca*), the *Cucurbitaceæ* belong to the order *Monœcia*. This name is derived from *monos*, single, and *oicos*, house, and means two beds in one house—an arrangement somewhat favorable to matrimonial bliss.

The pumpkin also belongs to the *Phanerogams*, which propagate, according to a well-established law, without any mystery or secret relations. Not so the *Cryptogams*, whose ways are dark, arbitrary, and without the rule of an established law. They have different modes. The first of

them is by division, as, for instance, the *bacteria*; that is, an individual splits in two, each of the halves in a minute's time being ready for a new division. For example, if our most gracious Sire would adopt this method of propagation, in the time of five minutes this hall would contain thirty-two Sires, and in an hour the Pacific Coast would swarm with Sires, a circumstance that would benefit immensely the Bohemian Club, but would be a serious calamity to the medical profession.

It is not my intention to mention all the different methods of cryptogamic propagation, for I always have striven to protect the morals of our organization. I will only refer here to the higher *Cryptogams*, that are no more a mere compound of cells, but possess spiral vessels, vessels that open by a spiral corresponding to the spiral arrangement called by us "corkscrew." These plants possess alternating generations, an arrangement called *dimorphisms*, from two Greek words—*di*, double, and

morphy, which means an Irishman; for all great scientific discoveries have been made by the Irish nation, with the sole exception of the conifers, which were discovered by the conic section of the Hebrew race. In regard to the systematical position of the pumpkin, I think the place assigned to it by our most gracious Sire is the most honorable it can ever occupy.

ON TRUTH.

THE real Queen of Bohemia is Truth. She is worshiped by our literati, admired by our penny-a-liners, imitated by our artists, and praised by me. Yes, Truth has the great prerogative to be praised by me, for my specialty is morals.

On previous occasions I have lectured on Virtue. My success was greater than desirable. With some friends the progress on the path of virtue was too rapid, according to my taste—some short-winded members of the congregation that wanted to keep up with the race and could not have seriously injured their constitutions. But if our worthy Sire will take all responsibility on his own venerable head, I am ready to cause another stampede; only I will use the precaution to discuss Virtue not in her

totality, but to divide the object, which medical men call *dosi refracta*, in which form Virtue is less dangerous.

The object of our present contemplation is the beauties of Truth. Truth, also called veracity, in spelling matches sometimes voracity, which means another virtue, was called Veritas by the Romans, and was worshiped in a temple near the Via Appia. This temple does not front the street. Truth frequently is hidden. The entrance to the temple of Truth is through an adjacent saloon, from which circumstance the Latin saying, *In vino veritas*, derives its origin. Once I had to see a friend in this saloon. By some queer coincidence all my friends develop a most remarkable thirst for Truth. On this occasion I was introduced to the high priest of the goddess, who, after having bestowed his blessing and distributed spiritual comfort all around him, invited me to a private revival in the innermost recesses of the sanctuary. Here Truth stood on a pedestal,

without any other garment but a looking-glass in her hand. "Is this Carrara marble?" I asked the holy man. "No," he said, "it is papier-maché, and hollow inside; but does she not look like Carrara marble?"

"This statue," the holy man continued, "has been created at a great expense by the great Greek sculptor Phidias, after a photograph taken by our special artist, Bradley Rulofson. There was but little difficulty for the sculptor, but a world of trouble for the photographer. I never have seen a deity so particular about retouching. This peculiarity, and the circumstance of her eyes being so intensely fixed on that looking-glass, is probably the reason why the Romans consider Truth a female deity. No male deity could fix his eyes for such a length of time on a looking-glass, not even when shaving. It probably has not escaped your experienced eye that Truth is naked. Now, to you and me that matters very little; many a time we have seen and have heard naked Truth; but we have to con-

sider that ladies, although but rarely, worship in this temple. We therefore every morning dress Truth after the latest fashion, the garments being made out of the daily papers. It now devolves upon me to take your oath that you will never divulge, always conceal, and never reveal anything that you have seen or heard in this sanctuary."

With these words the holy man produced a copy of Baron Münchhausen's Travels. I kissed the sacred book and swore a Custom-House oath that I will remember to the end of my days. But, as we are here amongst friends whose capacity to keep secrets is proverbial, I will tell you all about it:

Truth has very little charms; all my lady acquaintances are much prettier. Truth is plain, and, strange to say, she calls herself frequently plain Truth. But she does not mean it.

It now devolves upon me to draw some moral and to admonish this congregation.

Search for Truth; and when you have found her, keep her for yourselves. When compelled to part with her, dress her up pleasantly and after the day's fashion, and never throw that pearl to your husbands.



LETTER FROM THE BEAR WHO SWAM
ACROSS THE GOLDEN GATE AND
LANDED AT THE PRESIDIO.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28, 1884.

MY DEAR COUSIN: Circumstances over which I had no control have prevented me from paying you that visit planned and premeditated such a considerable time. The real cause of the long dilation was an indecision on my part about the method of my travel. It would have been against my principle to travel by railroad, because under no condition would I encourage the heartless monopoly of the Central Pacific Railroad; besides, I have of late constantly been out of cash and had not the funds necessary to buy my ticket. So I decided to swim the Golden Gate, and found, when I landed

near Fort Point, a military deputation ready for my reception. They had left their muskets home, which was very considerate of them. They knew that since my good grandmother was killed by an accident with firearms my nervous system has become very susceptible, and I do not like to hear shooting.

Unprepared as I was, I was nevertheless up to the occasion, and was just beginning a speech, when they retired rather hastily; probably because they saw that I was exhausted by the long swim and the exposure of my system to undiluted water, and that again was very considerate of them.

I found the country very much changed since my last visit. On my way to the city I met a police force that evidently was not so friendly disposed as the military deputation who received me when I came out of the water. They had firearms, and you know I hate the sight of firearms. Nevertheless I was ready to surrender, for I al-

ways have been a good citizen. Not for the world would I have resisted an arrest made by a superior, well-armed force, as long as I was sober. But I was spared the ignominy of a public arrest by the intervention of an Italian bootblack. Scarce had the men of the law seen the bootblack unpacking his box on the margin of a sand-lot, when they turned from me and arrested the Italian for blocking up the sidewalk. I was very much pleased with the promptness of this action, for I always liked to see authorities doing their duty, and that bootblack had no right to be a bootblack. Why was he not a dry-goods merchant, and he could have placed as many boxes on the sidewalk as he thought fit; or that auctioneer on California Street, about whose fragrant audience you complained in your last letter as blocking up the road to the Academy of Sciences?

You know that I always longed for a position in a zoological garden. In looking round for an institution of this kind to be

whose ornament I would condescend, I met a troop of men in common citizens' garb, but each of them walking behind a rifle pointed at my head. As I was certain that these men would not fire so long as I was near, I accosted them and entered into a conversation. They were very pleasant, but told me there was neither a zoological nor a botanical garden in existence, but plenty of beer-gardens and lunch saloons; there was somewhere over the water a kind of scientific institution, but I never could be admitted there, as I was not born in Massachusetts. Soon after I had thanked them for their kindness and taken leave, I heard several shots and saw four big holes fired into nature. In order to avoid an accident, I withdrew into the chaparral, took a hasty breakfast at an Italian gardener's, borrowed a dish of veal from a French stockraiser, and retired for the sake of my health into the wilderness around Uncle Tom's Cabin, where the great number of Sunday hunters have created a climate so salubrious that

even quail and snipes grow there to a green old age. Yours truly,

P. S. There has been a report in the San Francisco newspapers that I was killed. Don't believe it. It is an old trick. When the California Legislature in the year '52 put a price on the head of Joaquin Murieta, three heads of said Joaquin were handed in and paid for; and as Joaquin is still alive, it is impossible to form an idea of how many heads he could have furnished since then, if the payment had not been stopped. The old Californians are not so easily killed.

THE MICROSCOPE.

THE microscope is an implement composed of glass and brass. The brass is used in two different preparations,—first, in its purely metallic shape; secondly, in the shape of a brass band, which serves to make microscopical demonstrations more intelligible and prevents conversation with a lady neighbor. Brass was discovered in the age of bronze by a gentleman named Tubalcain. Particulars can be found in the sacred records of the Patent Office at Washington, where his name is mentioned in reference to a new process.

Glass was discovered by a Phœnician Superintendent of Public Streets, who spent considerable time in experiments to find for public improvements a sufficiently destruc-

tible and at the same time expensive substance. Modern science has provided our Superintendents of Streets with a series of more pliable, brittle, and costly bodies; but still in more sequestered localities traces of the pavement may be found that was characteristic to the age of brass. The name of this Superintendent of Streets was Flanagan Abu Baker ben Snodgrass, who was born at Sodom and Gomorrah, under the reign of the Egyptian king, Pharaoh Meyer.

It is a most melancholy fact that the great man after having discovered glass made a too free use of glasses. The police records of Tyrus, Sidon, Antiocha, and Damascus show his name on every page, and the station-house of Jerusalem exhibits still his curious and interesting autograph. On a stormy night, when he was camping out at the station-house of Tyrus, rattlesnakes got in his boots, and when he awoke next morning he found he was dead. So this man shared the fate of all discoverers; he bene-

fited humanity, left an immortal name, but died himself.

There is no invention that has had the same influence on spiritual as well as on material welfare of mankind. Before glass came into use no looking-glass ornamented the walls of sleeping apartments. The consequence was that the ladies could not dress, for young ladies cannot dress without seeing their faces; they had to repair in deep undress—in fact, barefoot to a great extent—to the next river, lake, brook, or streamlet, by which act they did hurt sorely every morning the feelings of all the old maidens and shocked very much the whole male population, who, by some unaccountable coincidence, collected at the same hour in the same locality.

But glass is also a bulwark of free institutions. Some thirty years ago, when I visited the Continent to barter for an honorable degree at Giessen, I went out on a clear night to study astronomy with the assistance of some glasses obtainable at a

saloon round the corner. Dark shades on one side of the street, the other side illuminated by the pale spectral light of the full moon, which stood high over the steeple of the old Gothic church. Here I stood on a Miocene formation, surrounded by playful trilobites, on the very spot where the highway of wandering nations is crossed by some meridian. I sank into deep revery. I saw the eagle on the helmet of the Gothic chief. I saw the dark, heavy Burgundian on his way to Barbary Coast. At this moment my revery was interrupted by the harmonic sound of broken windows. The free and independent descendants of the same Goths and Vandals manifested their political antipathies by breaking the windows of the resident officer of the Government, and they broke the windows of all the inhabitants of the town. By this delicate and judicious proceeding they promoted at the same time political progress and domestic happiness.

The glass also fosters temperance; for,

if we had no glasses, we would drink out of the bottle.

Now, after having discussed how much humanity has been benefited by brass and glass, the component parts of the microscope, you may judge for yourself how deeply mankind is indebted to the microscope itself.



IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET.

THE text of our present contemplation is found in our sacred book, the Koran, where it is contained in the impressive words, "Kullu meskirin haram." As I have observed that some of you have become rather rusty in your Arabic, I will translate it for you. It means, All intoxicating things are forbidden. There are some heretics who read "hammam" instead of "haram," so that the passage would be "Kullu meskirin hammam," which would mean, All intoxicating drinks must be hot. May the hereafter of such heretics be hot!

Now, let us inquire why our holy prophet Mohammed—blessed be his name!—pronounced these hard and apparently cruel words. On former occasions I have incul-

cated into your minds the important truth that a symmetrical development in vice leads to a blessed life in the terrestrial existence as well as in our hereafter. I know by my own experience how difficult it is to practice several vices successfully at the same time. Our great prophet, therefore—blessed be his name!—has arranged matters in a way that we derive almost the same spiritual benefit by practicing them one after the other. As I have done on former occasions, I will give you the benefit of my own experience.

I began my moral career by stealing apples. Then I practiced polygamy—or rather tried to practice it. Then I cultivated friendship in an alcoholic solution, and here I place myself before you and ask, What next? Now, you will recollect that the rights of individuals are limited by the rights of the nation, and, *vice versa*, the rights of the nation begin where the privileges of the individual end. This is exactly the case in regard to the order in which

the different vices have to be practiced; it begins in the human race where it ends in the individual. Full of vital vigor, nations step on the stage of history and ask, What next? Next they take to strong drink combined with friendship, then they introduce polygamy, and end where I began—by stealing apples.

At the time when our great prophet—blessed be his name!—preached to the nations, all Asia Minor, from the straits of Bab el Mandeb to the ports of the Caucasus, was drunk before ten o'clock in the morning. What says the great Ibrahim ben Bamboozel Abu Beker ben Smith? No true believer is expected to be drunk before eleven o'clock A. M.

Our great prophet saw immediately that the next vice was in order, which was, under the circumstances, polygamy. So, my dear brethren, let us follow the teachings of our prophet—praised be his name!—let us stop drinking and let us practice polygamy. If the laws of the country prevent us from

doing so simultaneously, let us practice it consecutively, and let us all join in the pious exclamation:

Allah il allah we Mohammed resul allah.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

IT was not my original intention to inflict this lecture on you. You have to blame our most gracious Sire for it, who insisted on my lecturing to-night, and threatened, in case of disobedience, to take my place, as he has done at former occasions. To save you from such a calamity, I have complied with his wishes, and here I stand a victim of ill-directed sense of duty.

My Bohemian brethren, if you consider that the day which we celebrate to-night, or the night which we celebrate to-day, is its 1887th anniversary, you must comprehend the difficulty of saying anything that has not been said before. It is my custom under such circumstances to consult my spiritual adviser—Rev. George Bromley—to whom

I also confess semi-occasionally the sins of a brother.

I asked him: "About what shall I speak?"

"You speak about five minutes," the pious man answered; but noticing the melancholy expression that imparts a peculiar charm to my features, he called me back and addressed to me the following words of wisdom:

"You fool,—that is to say, my son,—read to us one of the papers which you have read before at the meetings of the California Academy of Sciences. Nobody will notice the difference, and besides you are bound in justice to do so, as we have well noticed how frequently, under the disguise of profound science, you have inflicted papers belonging to this Bohemian forum upon our unsuspecting sister organization."

These were the words of the pious man, and I went immediately to the hall where I keep my manuscripts, took a drink, and selected from the treatises on trees one on the Christmas-tree and its botanical and

diplomatic relations to turkey and cranberry jelly.

The Christmas-tree belongs to the conifers,—that is, trees which bear cones. But it is not always that they bear *cones*; some of the members present will convince themselves to-night that this wonderful tree has the power to bear fruit of the most surprising kind and character. The leaves of the tree are everlasting, or evergreen, which is the symbol of persistent innocence, and not intended as a satire or allusion to the amount of innocence accumulated by the younger members. The stem is not green, but nevertheless everlasting, as it will sprout out after every forest fire, and even escape the dangers of the "State Commission for the Preservation of Forests."

After the new year the tree can no more be used, for then the season approaches when our forests are vaccinated, to protect them against phylloxera and rinderpest. In spring it produces flowers, in summer picnics, and ripens its fruit at Christmas.

Its chief occupation is to attend at forest fires. In its leisure hours it protects the springs whose waters we dilute with whisky; it also shades the tributaries of our water-works, whose contents assist and contribute so largely to our collection of microscopic animals. The same tree protects at our Midsummer High Jinks the wise and venerable head of the old Bohemian and imparts a beautiful green bloom of persistent innocence to the intelligent face of the Bohemian neophyte.

So, dear Bohemian brethren, let us do homage and bow to-night reverently before the tree that shelters our midsummer services and enlightens and illuminates the present celebration.

YULE.

A CELEBRATION like that of to-day has always a tendency to recall the past. It makes us look back into our own bygone days and also into the past ages of our race. So let us then date back the present night for a millennium and a half, and let us imagine that we live at the time when Constantine the Great ruled at Byzantium. We are not Bohemians to-night; we are northern barbarians—Warægians that fight as mercenary soldiers for the Roman Emperor, Danes that plunder the northern coasts, Normans that invade the Mediterranean—and led by our chieftains Hengist and Horsa, Angular Saxons, who found corner groceries.

The banquet of to-day is not called Christmas; its name is Yule. On the fire-place flames the yule-log, the sacred emblem of the god Balder's death. Champions

and warriors, seated on benches, occupy two sides of a long table. On an elevated seat at the head of the table presides the bold Jarl. The whole resembles a low jinks. On the walls lean torch-bearing serfs, instead of gas flames measured by cubic feet. Horns of the Urus filled with mead go from hand to hand, and the heroes walk up where the head of a wild boar is placed before the throne of the powerful Jarl.

This hall forms part of an ancient tower rising on a cliff that overhangs the wild waves of the German Ocean, not the California Market. Looking down from the stormy height, you witness the eternal warfare waged between rock and wave. The foot of the cliff is surrounded by phosphorescent breakers like this block by the fiery brokers. On the head of the wild boar the warriors lay their hands and pronounce vows according to ancient rites. In solemn chorus they sing:

“No, no, we will never get drunk any more!
No, no,” etc., etc.

The impressive ceremony is interrupted by the discordant sound of a horn. "Is that the Gjallarhorn," exclaims the bold Jarl, "that invited us to Valhalla? Or is it the toothorn of the festive hoodlum?" The door of the hall is flung open, an icy blast of the snowstorm enters.

"In Balder's name, shut that door," orders the Jarl; "even the San Francisco *Morning Call* would declare that weather more than partly cloudy. It is enough to give rheumatism to a rhinoceros, and at present I am oscillating between the regular school and homœopathy, since I found out that the same liquid that cures the bite of the rattlesnake has the power to produce the same reptile in the boots, as I am convinced by my own experience."

Then a rumbling and clanking noise is heard as if a tinshop was tumbling down a flight of stairs, and in steps Viking Bromley the Terrible in full armor.

"May Odin, Thor, and Balder protect thee, valiant Viking Bromley," exclaims

the Jarl. "Sit down and have a horn of our mead."

"The bold Jarl will excuse me. I took a vessel near the Straits of Gibraltar loaded with wine from the island of Cyprus. My men are bringing the casks."

Hearing these words, Hero Damm spits his mead secretly on the floor, Burke Thirstenson empties his horn hastily into his throat; both are ready for Cyprus.

"And what do you bring besides?" asked the bold Jarl.

"The China mail and two beautiful Greek maidens," was the answer.

"Let them enter to gladden the hearts of my warriors by song and dance."

And a pair of Greek maidens, fair as the day, dance gracefully into the hall, wreaths in their hair and garlands in their hands. They look very much like brothers Belknap and Swan. Standing on one leg, they spread gracefully their arms and sing an ode of Anacreon on forensic medicine.

"Where is the scald that sings the gallant

deeds of our own sword and those of our gallant warriors?" asked the bold Jarl.

And Bear the Virtuous, well versed in ancient lore and of venerable appearance, walks up to the elevated seat and sings before the Jarl a beautiful song of Hagbart and fair Signe, and how Signe followed her lord and master to the funeral pyre, where she was burned with all her treasures and the gold of her teeth, filled by Dr. Younger, and her library of dry-goods bills; and then he sings into the golden strings of his harp of ancient times, and how Christmas was celebrated with our glorious ancestors; and then he puts his harp into his coat pocket, walks gracefully up to the Jarl, and asks for a drink.

IDEAL BOHEMIA.

WHEN I received a notice from our most gracious Sire that he expected me to make some appropriate remarks on Ideal Bohemia, I immediately began to ponder on the beauties of Bohemia, the high objects of its organization, and the inscrutable wisdom of our most gracious Sire in having appointed me to lecture on such an exalted subject. From pondering over this subject, my mind soon fell to wandering, a habit to which I incline more or less after nine o'clock P. M., and roamed through the vast realms of other memorable things. I made some exceedingly valuable discoveries. Experience has shown me the lamentable fate of all my discoveries made after nine o'clock P. M.—I do not recollect them the

following morning. Therefore, this time I reduced the result of my philosophical researches to writing, and I am here to enlighten you on inscrutable things in general and the different species of inscrutable wisdom in particular.

Amongst inscrutable things there are three that have occupied the human mind in all ages. It is immensity of time, also called "Eternity"; immensity of space, or the "Universe"; and, thirdly, the boundary line between necessity and free will.

Of the immensity of time anybody can form an idea who enters a dentist's office and finds there a notice: "Doctor back in five minutes." These five minutes are an immensity of time.

As to immensity of space, a San Francisco horse-car is a good illustration—a universe that has room for another universe and plenty of room on the top.

As to the boundary-line between capacity and free drinks, its limitation is found by multiplying capacity by the figure of ready

cash, and then adding the credit strained to its utmost extent in regard to time and place.

The most useful of inscrutable things is the inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence, which is indispensable to the daily press. For example: It has pleased the inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence to take from our midst our dearly beloved mother-in-law, Barbara Scoldum. Now, there is something incomprehensible at first look in this action of inscrutable wisdom. Divine Providence in taking that particular mother-in-law will soon find that he has caught a tartar. But, in carefully studying up the case, we will find that inscrutable wisdom keeps a place in some distant part of its premises where all the good mothers-in-law go, which place will be considerably warmed up immediately after the arrival of mothers-in-law. There is an arrangement that as soon as the thermometer of that place sinks below the temperature of Fort Yuma a mother-in-law is introduced to save fuel. The natural philosopher calls this ar-

rangement economy of nature. The heated term by which we were visited a fortnight ago was caused by an accumulation of mothers-in-law who had to remain in the sphere of our planet until accommodations would be provided for them in the place of their destination.

Sometimes it is a difficult task to investigate the intentions of inscrutable wisdom; for instance, the use of the heads of some of our City Fathers. Their heads are neither useful nor ornamental; they are not made for brainwork. We can prove, by a *post mortem*, to their owners' own satisfaction that their heads are empty. But they serve a higher purpose; they keep the neck-tie in its proper position.

The coast of California has passed through violent convulsions and cataclysms. Since the glacial period the coast has been submerged and raised to Alpine elevations. There is no mining stock that has passed through such vicissitudes of ups and downs as the hills and plains of California. Bi-

valves and remains of marine crustaceans have been found on the tops of the Sierras, and an empty sardine-box has been discovered by me in the picturesque wildernesses of Second-Street cut, which may be inspected at the rooms of our Academy of Sciences.

To protect us against further disturbances of level, against tidal waves and sudden upheavals, inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence has created Captain Kenzel, who keeps the coast line of the Pacific in its present position.


Now, everything would be smooth and Divine Providence all right if it were not for the California Legislature that runs a biennial opposition line to inscrutable wisdom. But even with this defect, this world is a good world, and even our most gracious Sire, with the assistance of all the members of the Sideboard Committee, could not have created a better one.




ON EVOLUTION.

THE source of all organic life is the cell. From the simple cell, which constitutes the monad in the animal kingdom and the bacillus in the series of vegetable developments, branch off innumerable evolutionary series of types.

The system of cellular development may be brought under three heads:

1st. The development in one line: 
In this manner originates the necklace, bracelet, and the watch-chain.

2d. The cellular development in a plain . In this way is formed the caviar sandwich.

All other organisms are the product of cubic development.

The enormous variety of organic types is not the product of a short period; it is

the result of ages spent in natural selection and other rational enjoyments.

The change of types which I am here to demonstrate begins in the post-pliocene age. The post-pliocene age we divide first in the age of stone implements, which is followed by the age of brass. In this age mankind got very degenerate in morals, so that, for the sake of their transgressions, a Board of Supervisors was set over them. No sooner was this board in power, when an extension was proposed of the Libyan and Arabian desert and passed. Then the Mississippi River was forced to run through the Fifth-Street sewer, which sewer was repaired in the middle of the rainy season. This caused a great flood, and the term antediluvian, which we use in the Academy of Sciences, refers to the time before that event. The flood caused the age of brass, after which followed the age of iron, and at present we are in the middle of the age of steel.

After this explanation, the changes which have taken place in the structure of some

organisms during these long periods can easily be followed from the gray dawn of antediluvian existence up to their present perfect organization.

When we, for instance, remember the well-known fact of a post-pliocene grasshopper developing by natural selection in the course of ages into a race-horse, we will no longer be astonished when by popular election a clodhopper develops into a regent of a university. A prominent clergyman, combining by natural selection Darwinism and sacred history, has called this law, in a popular lecture, "inverted comic action"—or was it conic action?—"of irradiating ether." Here are a few examples:



You see how an antediluvian snail has been transformed into the inkstand of the present age, a circumstance which accounts, perhaps, for the extraordinary laziness of

certain members of the daily press and this Bohemian Club.

Here you see a dinotherium:



He looks very much like the African hippopotamus, but his African sympathies are not real. In his present stage of development he is born in the north, but feeds in the south.

Now, reflecting on these facts and looking forward into the past of antediluvian times, we find everywhere the footprints of the finger of a mighty creative power.

ON GERMS.

ONE of the most powerful inventions of the nineteenth century is the germ theory. The germ, also called microbe, leads in its wild state a migratory life,—that is, he is always found where he ought not to be; afterwards he takes to different liquids and becomes cultivated. In this circumstance the microbe resembles some young men who are shiftless and spend their school hours by being found where they ought not to be, and then take different liquors. Such young men never will pass their examination and they will not graduate, but become members of the Board of Education or book agents, and will have to recite in their old age lessons on the germ theory.

According to the custom of this college, we will now look on the microbe under three heads:

- 1st. The microbe as an organism.
- 2d. The microbe as a fellow-citizen.
- 3d. The microbe in his or her matrimonial relations.

First, the microbe as an organism appears in different forms, which have received different names: bacterium, bacillus, vibrio, spirillum, and many others; all of which I knew this morning, and with which Miss Allbustle, who is our principal, is perfectly acquainted and on terms of intimacy. All these organisms agree on one point—they gobble up all oxygen on which they can lay hand and make it hot for the neighborhood which Miss Allbustle calls "Surrounding medium." By this process, in a way perfectly known to Miss Allbustle, they cause fermentation and inflict incalculable misery on the human race; because, if there were no fermentation, there would not be intoxicating drinks; if there were no intoxicating

drinks, there would be no transgression; if there were no transgression, there would not be sin.

I now come to the microbe as a fellow-citizen. As such the microbe is exceedingly useful to the medical profession, the drug-store, and the sale of microscopes. He can raise an epidemic on a moment's notice, and is cultivated for this purpose either in gelatine or beef-tea. Whenever the state of a community becomes melancholily healthy, the same cultivated and well-trained bacteria are let loose on the community, and our doctors and the sister of Miss Allbustle, who is a female medical man, have more business on hand than they can attend to. Formerly, before the microbe became educated and cultivated, and was examined, and had to graduate as a microbe, the doctors had to go to the mountains to lasso some wild bacteria, which is a dangerous enterprise. Some bacteria have a spiral shape, somewhat like a snake or a corkscrew. They derive their name, "spirillum," either from

spiral or spirits, and are the cause of an affection called "Filtririum clemens."

Thirdly, the microbe in his or her matrimonial relations: The microbe is not very affectionate. He can be tamed and made to follow his master, but he never, never will love you. He propagates by separation pretty much as they do in Indiana. So he multiplies by division, and in producing several individuals he loses his own individuality.

Now, if we consider all these losses and difficulties, ought we not to be thankful?

ADDRESS TO THE MAYOR.

THIS time I am not taken by surprise. I know I am always called for late at night, like the loose troops that cover the retreat of the really valuable army; and as it is a great strain on my nerves to keep sober a whole evening, I have committed my ideas to paper, and this is my extempore speech.

Brother Phelan, I am here not only to congratulate you, because a man who has been found worthy to govern the Bohemian Club can derive but little satisfaction from the dignity of being Mayor of San Francisco, but I am here to give you advice. This city, inhabited by honest, hard-drinking men, has many grievances. Our pavement, for instance, is of great importance. Climate and habits dispose us to gout. You recollect Dr. Arthur Stout, the inveterate

punster of this organization. He frequently said, "Chaqu'un à son gout." Pavement is of great consequence to elderly gentlemen. It always touches my heart to see a friend, when crossing the street, how carefully he treats the cobblestones of our pavements. Public property must be treated with consideration.

Now, there is a place whose access is paved by good intentions. Why not use the same material for paving this good city? I own the material is rather friable, but there is such a supply of it, and our City Fathers are on such excellent terms with the owner of that place, that they may get the material at a nominal expense.

In the hope that you will follow this disinterested suggestion, I am convinced that a man who has filled the presidential chair of this important organization will find it an easy task to rule an insignificant city like San Francisco.

ON FISHES.

My remarks on FISHES will be distributed under three heads:

1st. The definition: What is a FISH?

2d. Classification of FISHES.

3d. Spiritual advice.

According to the generally adopted definition, a fish is a vertebrate animal that breathes through gills. Everybody sees that this is a very superficial definition; for we have not time always to look for a spinal column, and as for the gills, they are generally removed by the cook.

My definition is: A fish is an aquatic animal without feet and without hair. Somebody might say this definition will embrace also the snake; but the snake is amphibious, —he can live both in the water and in the boots.

The fish is essentially without hair. Fish's hair-oil has been tried at different times by several members of our Academy of Sciences on their own heads, without producing anything like the desired effect.

The fish has no feet, which circumstance saves him a world of trouble; having no feet, he has no big toe; having no big toe, he has no gout; having no gout, he is not suffering from the pavements of this good city.

I had invited a good friend to assist at this symposium; I am sorry to say that he was prevented by an attack of his old enemy, the gout.

This good friend has suggested at different times a method how to improve the pavement of San Francisco for the benefit of the gouty members of this community, who represent a considerable proportion, and at the same time to settle that most vexing question about asphalt, basalt, and Nicholson.

My friend refers to a well-known place

paved by good intentions. As our public officers always have been on excellent terms with the owner of that place, they easily could obtain the material at a nominal price.

We all know with what facility the material is to be manipulated; it is true it has no great power of resistance and will want frequent repairs, but then there is such an enormous supply of it.

In regard to the classification of fishes: We have an artificial system and a natural system. The artificial system takes up a single character for classification, but the natural system compares carefully all the characters, and judges from the totality in which style the fish ought to be served. Aquatic as their habits may be, all good fishes when cooked are served with white wine, and this is in the animal kingdom the first instance of the better hereafter that awaits us.

According to the artificial system, fishes are divided into those with a bony skeleton

and those with a cartilaginous skeleton. In the first group belongs the eel, which is the only hermaphrodite amongst vertebrates. I know this is very immoral, but it is arranged so by Nature, and I am ashamed of Nature. Not so the eel; he leads a life of permanent matrimonial bliss, interrupted only by an annual marriage trip to the sea coast, where, after having propagated, he leaves his offspring to the benevolent attentions of sharks and other fishes. At a moment's notice he withdraws to places inaccessible to his creditors. Amongst the fishes with a cartilaginous skeleton, the most remarkable is the sturgeon, whose eggs are called caviar, and here comes my spiritual advice. Never! never mistake caviar for blackberry jam!

ON BUTTERFLIES.

IT is impossible for me to tell anything new to this enlightened body of Bohemians, because everything that was in me has been brought out on former occasions, and what little brain is left I want for myself. But noticing here the presence of Dr. Swan and Judge Boalt, my old rivals in science, I am afraid they will trespass on the sacred ground of entomology, as they have done before; and so, for the protection of science, I will sacrifice myself, as *I* have done before, and occupy your valuable time with a lecture on butterflies.

The butterfly lays eggs like the hen, but differs from the hen by laying her eggs but once in her lifetime. From the egg comes a caterpillar, or, as Judge Boalt justly observed, a worm. The whole occupation of

this worm consists in eating. His whole existence is a prolonged dinner-party. Several times he changes his dress by bursting it on his back and throwing it off, a new, well-fitting, unpaid dress being already underneath. When entirely satisfied he goes to sleep, calls himself a chrysalis, and awakes as a butterfly. This new existence begins with making love all around and gaining the mutual admiration of both sexes. Then he takes to morals, matrimony, and a wedding trip; after which he dies, before making the acquaintance of his mother-in-law. In the stage of butterfly he dispenses entirely with solid food and relies altogether on liquid substances, which he calls nectar and we call drink. Now, you see his first stage of existence is a continuous dinner-party; then comes a period of digestion and rest, after which a system of free love and drink all around; but in no stage work, if he can help it.

In this latter peculiarity the butterfly resembles the oyster, from which, in other re-

spects, it is not difficult to distinguish him. The butterfly leads an aerial life; the oyster lives on the bosom of the ocean, in localities inaccessible to his creditors. Most species of the oyster are hermaphroditic—they possess both kinds of sexual organs. Therefore, the oyster enjoys the rapture of the lover and of the beloved, and thus on the bosom of the ocean (which is at the same time the bottom of the ocean) he enjoys a life of uninterrupted matrimonial bliss. But, besides this blessing, the oyster is entitled to the proud distinction of being present at all banquets given by the Bohemian Club; and I am charged by the oyster to express on this occasion his thanks for the honor of his invitation and his wish that such invitation may be extended to him at all further celebrations, and especially our Golden Anniversary, when, twenty-five years hence, he hopes to meet you all again.





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